THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE FRENCH LANDING.

A Russian's Graphic Account of the Arrival of Gen. Humbert and a Regiment of Frenchmen at Killala in 1798.

Is the Muscovite Giving an Object Lesson to His Own Country?

[*United Ireland.*]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

Humbert having seen to the transport of the munitions and military stores from the ships to Killala, sent forward, on the 23d of August, Sorrazin—his second in command, whom he had promoted to the rank of General of Brigade for his conduct on the previous day—with a small force in the direction of Ballina, to reconnoitre the country. Ballina was occupied by several troops of carbineers, and yeomanry infantry, under Col. Sir Thomas Chapman and Maj. Kerr, the greater part of which had come up during the night by forced marches from Foxford on the alarm of Humbert's arrival. Sarrazin advanced so rapidly that he fell upon a party of the enemy engaged in feeding their horses. A sharp engagement followed, ending in the flight of the British; and Sarrazin, considering his mission accomplished, returned to Killala. In the meantime, Humbert was busy organizing the peasantry. The peasants were all Catholics; and Mr Gribayedoff readily accepts the statements of the loyalist historians that their prime object was the plunder and extermination of the Protestants; but the insurgents were told, says Mr. Gribayedoff in unmistakable terms, that all attempts to harm any loyalist would meet with summary punishment; and in an address delivered to them by Humbert, he declared to them, through an interpreter, "that France acknowledged no religion that preaches intolerance towards another; that Catholics and Protestants were the same to him, and his soldiers believed as little in the Pope as in the established church."

According to Plowden, Humbert distributed complete uniforms to 1,800 peasants; clothing, but no shoes or stockings, to 1,000; and arms to about 5,000. At this time Ireland was occupied by 150,000 men, regulars and militia, under the command of Lord Cornwallis. The rebellion had been repressed. Ballinahinch had proved fatal to the arms of the Ulstermen, and the last of the last column of "the grand united army of Wexford" had died in the cornfields of Meath. Connacht was unorganized. The men who flocked to Humbert's standard were undisciplined, and ignorant of the use of arms. They were without local leaders. They did not understand a word of the language of their foreign allies. Humbert had not time to train them in the art of war. It was idle to expect, because arms were thrust into their hands that all at once they could bear themselves like veterans. Humbert thought them good enough food for powder on the victorious day at Castlebar. When he deserted them on the fatal field of Ballinamuck they proved that they could fight and die.

An American critic of Mr. Gribayedoff's work says: "Mr. Gribayedoff draws a fine picture of the French commander. Such a figure would furnish admirable material to the historical novelist, and one almost regrets that our present author did not cast his narrative in the romantic form." We venture to say that Mr. Gribayedoff's narrative very closely approaches the romantic form. Humbert is the hero of his story, and he exalts him at the expense of his allies, but howeverso much we may differ from his estimate of the character of his hero, we cannot but admire the skill with which he portrays it. It is only fair, however, to admit that if Mr Gribayedoff has not a good word for the Irish peasants he is not silent about the character of their foes. Having mentioned that Sir Ralph Abercrombie retired from the command of the English army in Ireland because it involved duties unworthy of a soldier, he quotes an extract from a letter from Lord Cornwallis to Lord Portland, which is as follows: "The Irish militia are totally without discipline; contemptible before the enemy when serious resistance is made to them, but ferocious and cruel in the extreme when any poor wretches, either with or without arms, come within their power—in short, murder appears to be their favorite pastime." Writing to Gen. Ross the lord lieutenant furthermore declared that England was engaged "in a war of plunder and massacre," and after referring to court martial executions, said, "But all this is trifling compared to the numberless murders that are hourly committed by our people without any process of examination whatever." "No comments of the historian," says Mr. Gribayedoff, "however unbiased he may be, can carry the weight that attaches to these statements of the two most chivalrous British officers of the day."

The first English commander to receive intelligence of the French landing at Killala was Major-Gen. John Hely Hutchinson, who was stationed in the town of Galway, having a considerable force under his command. Without waiting instructions from his superior, Hutchinson proceeded to march northward. Cornwallis, having learned of the rising on Aug. 24, dispatched Gen. Lake to the town of Galway to conduct operations from that point, and he set out himself at the head of three or four regiments, and marched with such expedition that he arrived at Kilbeggan on the 28th. Humbert, on the other hand, having appointed two hundred men and five officers to guard a large quantity of ammunition which had been landed from the squadron and brought into Killala, left that place on the 24th, and marched towards Ballina, which, as we have seen, was occupied by the enemy, under Sir Thomas Chapman and Major Kerr. Humbert's forces amounted to something over 800 Frenchmen, and 1,000 or 1,500 auxiliaries, a number of the raw levies, says M. Gribayedoff, having fallen away.

"Before long the vanguard of the French force espied the British troops posted in an advantageous position, a few miles north of Ballina. Maj. Kerr had received considerable reinforcements, including some veteran cavalry, and had boldly pressed forward to encounter the foe. As on the two previous occasions Sarrazin led the attack of the French. His detachment consisted of the Grenadiers, about 200 picked men, and one battalion of the line. Dismounting from his horse, he placed himself at the head of the foremost column, and with a theatrical gesture, well calculated to impress the men—French soldiers have ever been impressed by trifles—ordered the advance at double quick. '*A la baionette*' was his battle cry, and it re echoed all along the line; and the blue coated troopers sprang with their wonted agility over the broken ground, and threw themselves against the front ranks with irresistible *elan*. Still Major Kerr was not unprepared for the attack, and the rapid but regular platoon firing of the yeomanry and carbineers might have proved an ineffectual check even to the veteran Grenadiers, had not Gen. Adjutant Fontaine turned the flank of the British position and poured in his volleys almost on their rear. Seeing himself in danger of being surrounded, Major Kerr sounded the retreat, which became a disorderly rout when Humbert appeared in person, with a detachment of the third regiment of Chasseurs, mounted on horses obtained in Killala."

General Sarrazin having put to flight the English troops under Major Kerr they never stopped for breath until they reentered Ballina. Their arrival there all begrimed and gory created a panic. The inhabitants of both persuasions sought refuge in their homes, the Catholics through fear of the fugitives, the Protestants through fear of the French. An individual named Walsh was caught in the act of inciting his fellow citizens to rebellion and brought before Major Kerr. A commission from Humbert was found in his pocket. Without a trial of any kind he was taken to a crane in the market place and hanged. This was the first of a long series of acts of reprisal committed by the king's troops on the unfortunate rebels of Connaught. It was no new pastime for the former. Their hands had been already deeply steeped in the blood of Irish insurgents in Wexford and elsewhere. They had grown callous to the dictates of humanity. While this scene was being enacted, Sarrazin, who had followed close upon the heels of the retreating British, was rapidly approaching Ballina, and in the afternoon, with drawn sabre at the head of his grenadiers and chasseurs, he entered the deserted streets. Major Kerr and his troops were nowhere to be found. As the French neared the market square, the outlines of a suspended figure became discernible against the background of a whitewashed building. It was the body of the unfortunate Walsh. When the entire column came up, and the identity of the dead man was established, Sarrazin, by a happy inspiration, stepped up to the crane, threw his arms around the inanimate form, and imprinted a kiss on the livid brow. "*Viola Messieurs*," he cried, turning to the Irish auxiliaries, "thus do we honor the martyrs of your sacred cause." Major O'Keon translated the words into the native vernacular, and the assemblage, now swelled by two thirds of the town's inhabitants, joined in a deafening shout of applause. Each company, in passing the swaying body, dipped its colors and presented arms, and, each in his turn of the different commanders, stepped up to the corpse and gave it the embrace of "sympathetic civism." Had the entire comedy been prearranged instead of being a clever impromptu, it could not have passed off more propitiously, or made so deep an impression on the spectators. After indulging in this scene, Sarrazin, in order to placate the religious sentiments of the people, ordered Walsh's body to be cut down and carried to the nearest Catholic chapel.

Here it was attired in a French military suit, placed in a handsome coffin, and laid out in state, surrounded by burning tapers and crucifixes and censers, and all this to the tune of the "Marseillaise" and "Ca Ira," and the sacreligious jests—fortunately not understood by those at whom they directed—of the French republican soldiery.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

After suffering horribly for years from scrofula in its worst form, a young son of Mr. R. L. King, 706 Franklin st., Richmond, Va., was recently cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. No other medicine can approach this preparation as a cleanser of the blood.

THE MOST obstinate cases of catarrh are cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, the only agreeable remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. For cold in the head it is magical. It gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

A GALLANT FIGHT.

That Made by Col. Fitzgerald and a Battalion of Irish Troops Against Gen. Ginckle at the Bridge of Athlone.

One of the Most Brilliant Feats of Arms in Military Annals.

We have now to picture the scene at the Mary Dyke, Athlone, during the 2nd siege, on the morning of June 20, 1691. From the wide space outside the Dublin Gate the guns from the great batteries poured shot and shell upon the slight walls, with such force and so uninterruptingly as to render futile all efforts of those within to repair the havoc made in the crumbling masonry, and by 12 o'clock a breach was made. Behind the batteries, as the day wore on, a force of 4,000 men, fresh from the main body, stood ready to storm the town, and behind these 4,000 was the whole army—a sustaining force of 21,000 strong.

At the end of the Mary Dyke, or Market place, the street suddenly contracts into a narrow passage. Here was the Dublin Gate, inside of which the governor, Col. Fitzgerald, and the survivors of this handful of Irish still worked on as resolute as ever, though they had no sustaining force behind them, and had already fought without a moment's rest for forty-eight hours. A wide breach had been made in front of them, yet they filled it; they made a breastwork of their bodies and held their post until half their number fell, and even now, with the storming party pouring in upon them, they fought hand to hand, for the "French" lieutenant of grenadiers, who was the first to mount the breach with his men, lost his life in the action.

The whole storming force now rushed into the town, closely pursuing the retreating Irish, who fought their way step by step along the street to the foot of the bridge, over which the besiegers sought to force their way by a sudden onslaught in overwhelming numbers, crushing some of the Irish to death in their effort to gain the bridge and the Connaught side and

STORM THE CASTLE

before the Irish could regain it. But here the very narrowness of the old bridge aided the defenders; it was but twelve feet wide, so that a small body of desperate men could hold out against numbers for a considerable time. The river was deep above, and so rapid below that the attacking army dared not try to ford it, and must gain the Connaught side of the town by the bridge. At the foot of Bridge street—which was and is but the width of the old bridge—Col. Fitzgerald and his band turned and held the pursuing thousands for a while yet at bay. Who is there who cannot realize the wild passion with which those men turned and fought madly, desperately, against the hordes pouring down upon them, choking up the streets and pressing furiously on to overwhelm them with their numbers. And still it was not of their own lives those Irish thought, but how to save Athlone—Ireland—to keep Connaught at all hazards. But one thing could save it now, and while those nearest the English still fought hand to hand with the ever increasing numbers, those in the rear worked—even if they were to perish to a man with their foes, they worked might and main to break down the bridge behind them The English heard the blows of the pick ax and hammer, realized what was being done, and redoubled their efforts to force a passage; but still the devoted Irish faced them, and still the work went on behind—the work of men cutting the ground from beneath their own feet.

At last that part of the bridge nearest the Connaught side was nearly down—the signal was given to those fighting to make a dash for their lives. The foremost gained the land, but, as the last of the band turned to spring across the tottering bridge, the two arches between them and the Connaught side fell before them

INTO THE SHANNON,

leaving them at the mercy of their foes behind. "There was a moment's pause, and almost a wail burst from the Irish on the Connaught side; but just as the enemy rushed with vengeance on the doomed group, they were seen to draw back a pace or two from the edge of the chasm, fling away their arms, then dash forward and plunge into the stream. Like a clap of thunder broke a volley from a thousand guns on the Leinster side, and then a cheer rang out—of defiance, exultation, victory—as the brave fellows were seen to reach the other bank, pulled to land by a hundred welcoming hands!"—("Story of Ireland").

There is never one word of this glorious defense to be found in the pages of Story—no word of generous admiration for a deed almost unexampled in history. But how could a generous word be wrung from one of those who, as the last of the brave men who had faced them like lions were battling with the waves below, could still fire upon such noble foes! The Williamite historian even conceals the number of these foes—400 against 25,000—and only tells of the great force it took to beat back the Irish, making it appear a great yet easy achievement, for which the soldiery "having covered themselves at the bridge end" rang the church bells in token of their victory, and St. Ruth, marching up when all was over, heard the old bell of St. Mary's announce that he came too late to save the English town.

The Greeks preserved in grateful memory the history of their 300 heroes who defended the Pass of Thermopylæ against an invading host:

"And Freedom points for ever
To thy Pass, Thermopylæ,
To teach mankind that tyrants
Cannot subjugate the free."

Macaulay has given us the heart stirring lay of Ancient Rome that tells how Horatius

"Kept the bridge
In the brave days of old."

In the hope that Athlone will not always be without some monuments to recall the glorious story of its old bridge, I cannot resist quoting the inscription prepared by John Cornelius O'Callaghan in honor of the deeds of that 20th of June, 1691. The spot where Col Fitzgerald and his men turned and made their gallant stand at the foot of Bridge street is yet there—empty—as if awaiting the memorial that shall prove, what is really the case—that Athlone has never forgotten her heroes.

"When Ireland," says O'Callaghan, "is as she ought to be, or when Catholics, Protestants and Presbyterians shall consider that they are only three leaves belonging to one shamrock—an event much nearer than some people think, and one which, at all events, must ultimately take place! Col. Fitzgerald and his brave companions ought to have a splendid national testimonial erected to them in the English town of Athlone, and in front of the bridge which they so nobly defended—upon the four sides of which monument some inscription like the following should be engraved, in the English, Irish, French and Latin languages:

BE IT REMEMBERED
That
On the 19th and 20th of June, 1691,
A little band of
Between 300 and 400 Irishmen,
Under
Col. FITZGERALD,
Contested against an English army of
25,000 men, Under
Lieut.-Gen. GINCKLE,
The passes leading to and the English
town of
ATHLONE!
And, though the place had but a "slender
wall," in which
The enemy's well-appointed and superior
artillery soon made a large breach,
And though its few defenders were worn
down by forty eight hours' continual
exertion,
They held out
Till the evening of the second day!
When
The breach being assaulted
By
A fresh body of 4,000 Dutch, Danish and
English troops,
Selected from 25,000 men, who fought in
Successive detachments
Against but 300 or 400, with no fresh
troops to relieve them,
These "gallant few"
Did not abandon the breach before
Above 200 of their number were killed
and disabled!
Then,
In spite of the enemy, the brave survivors
Made their way to the bridge
Over the Shannon,
Maintained themselves in front of it
Till they demolished two arches behind
them, and
Finally retired across the river by a drawbridge into
The Irish town,
Which was thus preserved by their heroism
Till the coming up, soon after,
Of
The Irish main army
Under
Lieut.-Gen. St. Ruth!

READER,
If thou art a stranger,
Admire and venerate the memory of this
little band and
Their gallant leader!
If thou art
An Irishman,
Not only admire and venerate those who
shed their blood for Ireland,
But
Be prepared, if necessary,
To
"Go and Do Likewise!"

—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

OBITUARY.

Sad Domestic Bereavement.

MRS. HENRY GORMAN.

Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.

Thus wrote the poet whom experience taught the sadness of parting from friends, and thus with sadness we write as we record the death of Mrs. Henry Gorman who departed this life at her home, in Chicago, on the third day of April, 1891, aged 28 years and 6 days.

Maria O'Shea, the second oldest daughter of Michael and Catherine O'Shea, of this county, was born March 28, 1863, in Claremont county, Ohio. In 1864 she was brought, by her parents, to this county where the writer met her, in 1866, at the hospitable home of her parents. On the 4th day of April, 1886, she was united in marriage to Henry Gorman,* of Chicago, Ill., where she has since resided. Their union was blessed with three children, two boys and one girl. The oldest boy died when fourteen months old and the girl died at the age of two years and five months, which was but two days after her mother's death. The babe, seven months old, is not expected to live. We remember Maria O'Shea as the rosy cheeked, modest, well behaved little girl, joyous and pleasant but never bold or forward. She grew to womanhood and was beloved by her neighbors and acquaintances for her kind disposition, friendliness and strong desire to make others happy. Her life of twenty-eight years may appear short to us, but He, to whom a thousand years are as but a day, saw fit to call her from a world of sorrow, pain and anguish to a better land where there shall be no more sorrow or death and where all tears will be wiped from the eye. To the bereaved husband and to the sorrowing parents, of the deceased, our sympathy goes out. About Christmas, 1889, Mr. O'Shea received a telegram that his youngest son, then in Denver, Col., was not expected to live; he hastened to him and returned with the body for interment. Then in 1890 the youngest daughter, a bright, intelligent young lady, died in Chicago while visiting there. And now within sixteen months of the first, the third is taken and a grandchild also. Surely the cup of sorrow, in their case, has been kept full to overflowing.—*The Reveille, (Rolfe, Pocohontas Co., Iowa)*

*Mr. Henry Gorman is a highly respected member of the Chicago police force, and THE CITIZEN joins with the *Reveille* in extending him sincere sympathy.

PAPAL MATTERS.

A Roman Correspondent Sends Some News of Interest from the City of the Pontiff.

The Tomb of Pope Pius IX—Other Catholic Intelligence.

PILGRIMAGE TO GENAZZANO.

The prior of St. Patrick's, Father Glynn, generally conducts a party of pilgrims to the shrine of the Mother of Good Counsel, at Genazzano, during Easter week, and again for the Festa which occurs on the 23d of April. On Easter Monday he led a party of pilgrims, of various nationalities—English, Irish, American, and Australian—out to Genazzano. The pilgrims included the Archbishop of Dublin, Very Rev. William Walsh, O.S.A., assistant general of the Augustinians; Very Rev. Dr. Magrath, Clonliffe College, Dublin; Very Rev. Dr. Salmon, P.P., Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Montreal; Rev. Bernard Bowen, O.S.A., St. Patrick's, Rome; Mr. and Mrs. Heydon, Sydney; Mrs. Power and Mrs. Crossan, Brisbane; Mr. and Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Coxon, Mrs. Annie Gill, Miss Christina Foley, the three Misses Gavan Duffy, Australia; Mrs. Hall, Mr. T. P. Gill, M.P., Mr. P. L. Connellan, and Mr. J. W. Foley, ex-M.P. for New Ross. The Archbishop of Dublin celebrated mass at the shrine, and administered the holy communion to the earnest and devout group who crowded into the little sanctuary. The prior of St. Patrick's received, some years ago, for his community the large and picturesquely situated monastery of San Pio, some little distance above the quaint town of Genazzano. Here he from time to time offers a generous reception to bishops and priests from all parts of the world, and many who have been his guests turn, from far off lands, with grateful recollection not only to the favors granted through the Mother of Good Counsel, but to the large hearted hospitality of Prior Glynn.

THE VATICAN.

On Easter Monday the Holy Father celebrated mass in the hall of the consistory, when about 500 persons were present. His Holiness spoke to a number of them. The choir of the Sistine assisted and sang several pieces of music under the direction of the celebrated Maestro Mustafa. The "Oremus pro Pontifice nostro Leone," composed by Mustafa and dedicated to the Pope, was given with great effect. On Tuesday, March 31, the Holy Father received H. R. H. the Duke John Albert of Mecklenburg Schwerin, together with his wife, and on the same day the Baron Iswolski, Russian Charge d'affaires, to the papal court, who arrived the previous day from St. Petersburgh. On Friday, April 3, the Holy Father celebrated mass in the Ducal hall where several hundred were present, including many English speaking Catholics.

IEPORTANT DECREE.

The secretory of state has recently published a decree which places under ecclesiastical censure the sale by auction of any ornaments or other articles which have been used for purely religious purposes belonging to deceased prelates.

NEW COLLEGES IN ROME.

The Holy Father, as the *Catholic Times* has frequently recorded, is most anxious for the extension of national colleges in the Eternal City, feeling certain that such institutions must not only create a higher standard of theological knowledge, but must develop intellectual powers and give to the world men of more mature and cultivated tastes. During the present pontiff's reign the French and Belgian colleges have been extended; the Bohemian, Polish, Armenian, South American, the Maronite of Lebanon, and the Canadian colleges have been opened. There is, according to the *Liberta Cattolica*, an Australian college soon to be established. Now Spain and Portugal are putting forward their claims to have their representative colleges in Rome. The well known convent and church of the Trinitarians in the Via Condotti has been arranged for and will soon be occupied by a body of Spanish students. Portugal will not be long behind in the same apostolic and intellectual movement, for the well known church and institute of San Antonio dei Portoghesi has immediately to be transformed into a national college by the consent of the government of Portugal.

THE CENTENARY OF ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

The general commission for the fetes to be celebrated in honor of the thirteenth centenary of St. Gregory the Great has arranged that these shall be religious, scientific and charitable. The religious fetes will take place on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of this month. On the morning of the 10th a pontifical high mass will be celebrated at the altar of the Catedra in St. Peter's. The Holy Father accords to those who assist at it an indulgence of seven years. In the evening of the same day there will take place in the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore a penitential function conforming to the supplications made by St. Gregory to liberate Rome from trouble. At this function the students of the English college will lend their assistance, taking part in a procession through the church, and in the singing of the Miserere, and of the litany of the saints, which will be followed by the benediction of the blessed sacrament. On the morning of the 11th, pontifical high mass will be celebrated in the basilica of St. John Lateran. In the evening solemn vespers will be sung in the church of St. Gregory on the Cœlian.

THE FRENCH SEMINARY

will sing a Gregorian chant, and the students of the Irish college will lend their assistance. On the morning of the 12th, pontifical high mass will be celebrated in the church of St. Gregory. The French seminary will take part with the choir in rendering the music, while the students of the English college will assist at the altar. In the evening there will be second vespers, followed by the Te Deum. The French seminary will sing several of the Gregorian melodies, and the students of the Scots college will assist at the altar. From the first vespers on the 11th to the evening of the 12th, a plenary indulgence will conceded to those who, having confessed and communicated, will have visited the church of St. Gregory. The scientific fetes on the consecutive days of the preceding triduo will consist of several meetings that will be held in the hall of the Seminario Pio. There will be delivered lectures on history, Christian archæology, liturgy, and sacred music. The three following archæological excursions will also take place, lectures being delivered by eminent archæologists: The first excursion will be to the catacombs of Santa Petronilla and of the Saints Nereo and Achilleo, the second to S. Agata del Goti, and the third to the church of St. Gregory on the Cœlian. On the evening of the 15th will be distributed a supper to a certain number of poor people in Santa Maria in Cappella in commemoration of the good which the saint did for the poor. A great musical entertainment, to be given by the Circolo di San Pietro, is also talked of. Before these feste a commemorative function will take place on the 9th in the church of St. Paul outside the gates. In the museum of this church is still preserved intact the "authentic marble stone" on which is an inscription telling of a legacy left by St. Gregory, so that a lamp might be kept continually lighted before the tomb of St. Paul.

THE TOMB OF PIUS IX.

The Italian Catholic Union, on the invitation of Count Acquaderna, has constituted a commission for collecting in Rome offerings for the completion of the monument to Pius IX in the basilica of San Lorenzo outside the walls. It is desired to have the monument completed for the centenary of the birth of the great pontiff. The commission has taken the name of "Commissione Romana incaricate per il Centenario di Pio IX.," and has elected as its honorary president the Commendatore Filippo Tolli, who has accepted the post. The commission is composed of many well known Roman gentlemen.

THE CONSISTORY.

It is almost arranged that the consistory will be held in the beginning of May. Great secrecy is maintained with regard as to who the new cardinals are to be. Several archbishops and bishops will also be nominated.

THE FRENCH PILGRIMAGE.

Several groups of French pilgrims have arrived here. They are under the guidance of the Rev. Father Didon, and are to be seen visiting all the places of interest in Rome. They are to be received by the Holy Father on Monday.

Local Catholic News.

The Dominican Fathers will give a mission in the Holy Angels Church next month.

The Rev. Father Boyer has been appointed pastor of the church at Maple Park.

The Easter collection in St. Catherine's church at Austin amounted to $700.

The new house for the mission for Homeless Boys, will be located at Nos. 359 to 363 West Jackson street.

The Right Rev. Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., will lecture in Central Music Hall on the 30th inst. Subject: "The American of the Future."

The Rev. James McMahon has donated property in New York and Long Branch valued at $400 000 to the Catholic University of Washington. The reverend gentleman is 75 years of age, and was appointed pastor of St. Mary's church in New York in 1843.

A school teacher named Daniel Donoghue, residing near Tralee, was convicted, at the Cork city assizes, of having administered a noxious drug to Margaret Shea, his servant girl (whom he had seduced), with the view of procuring abortion. His wife and a young doctor named Carrol Sullivan were also charged with complicity in the same offense, but by direction of the judge, Dr. Sullivan was acquitted. The jury disagreed as to Mrs. Donoghue, and she was also discharged, the crown stating that they would not again proceed with the case against her. Daniel Donaghue was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

The ceremony of the reception of two young ladies took place in the Presentation convent, Tralee, on April 2 The young ladies received were Miss Dawson (in religion Sister Mary Gertrude), daughter of Mr. James Dawson, Tralee, and Miss O'Sullivan (in religion Sister Mary Columba), daughter of Mr. Florence O'Sullivan, Ballybronan, O'Dorney.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

To overcome the marks of age, all who have gray beards should use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, the best and cleanest dye made for coloring *brown* and *black*.

PAIN AND DREAD attend the use of most catarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are unpleasant as well as dangerous. Ely's Cream Balm is safe, pleasant, easily applied into the nostrils, and a sure cure. It cleanses the nasal passages and heals the inflamed membrane, giving relief at once. Price 50c.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE CLIFFS OF LOUGH SWILLY.

"Eugene! Eugene!—waken up!—what are you sleeping for? Waken, I say."

The words, whispered energetically in his ear, combined with the touch of a hand on his shoulder, woke him a little. There was a dim feeling palpable to him that he was being called, but it came so vaguely to his torpid senses that it passed away and he again relapsed into slumber.

"Confound you, Eugene! Waken! Do you know where you are?"

The persons speaking this time made certain that there should be some result from his words, for he took the half unconscious sleeper, and lifting him in his arms, placed him standing upright on his feet. This had the desired effect. The necessity for physical action drove the torpor and letharpy from his brain, and he was quickly alive to what was going on around him.

His awakener was muffled up in the long cloak of an English artillery officer.

"Give me your arm, Eugene, and walk with me."

A dim perception seemed to come on his thoughts that he had heard the voice before, and that the speaker was quite familiar to him. He was about in some vague way to ask a question thereanent, but the unknown appeared to divine his intention, and said hurriedly:

"No, not now. Don't open your lips. Keep your cloak well wrapped about you and follow me."

In the crowd of men and officers passing out they passed out too. But instead of following the crowd that poured along the narrow streets of the fishing village where they landed, Eugene's companion, with a quick turn, deflected into a lane where a fisherman was standing, thence into another at right angles thereto, and, before any notice was taken of their departure, were quite out of sight and hearing.

"Now, Eugene, jump up here," he said, as a car was standing ready yoked. "We must put some miles between us and this without delay. You will not be missed for some time in the confusion, but as soon as you will, sharp search will be made for you. So there's no time to be lost. Don't stay to ask questions. I'm François—and that's enough for the present. I shall tell you all later on. We shall be on the highway to France tomorrow afternoon. Come! jump up!"

A thrill of delight, even with all his weariness and weakness, passed through Eugene at the prospect of being again free. The delight was compounded with wonderment as to how François had come there so opportunely—apparently off the enemy's vessel, too.

But both sensations were effervescent; chill and cold and deadly sense of weariness rapidly supervened; and it was almost mechanically that he allowed himself to be helped to his seat by the vigorous arm of his young friend.

A world of vague dreams grew about him as the words of the latter fell on his ear.

"Drive rapidly. There is no time for delay."

The car, with the semi unconscious occupant encircled in the arms of his young friend, drove quickly out of the village. Fortunately along this side of the lough, and bordering the road along which they passed, thick bushes grew, hiding them from observation—if indeed observation were to be thought of by anyone after the exciting incidents of the day.

The sun was low down in the skies. The thick bank of clouds in the West had turned to purple and gold as the descending orb poured his flood of glory upwards, when they reached the pass of Cranmere.

It lay along the side of a cliff overhanging the lough. Far in the distance they could see the fleet lying at anchor dimly, for the darkening eve was beginning to close. But of other sign of living presence or habitation there was none. Save the tall, half barren cliff that lifted its summit overhead, and the scrubby mass of stunted brushwood that grew beneath, sloping to the water's edge, there was nothing else to disturb or attract the attention. The road was a narrow ledge cut by unskilled hands along the side of the cliff, and allowed passage but for one vehicle at a time. It was, therefore, necessary to proceed with the greatest care and caution up its steep ascent.

At this moment a faint noise like unto the tread of hoofs fell on the ear of the young Frenchman.

Descending from his seat, and placing his hand on the horse's bridle, he listened for a moment.

"Do you hear anything?" the driver asked, in a whisper.

"Yes. I have been hearing it for some seconds. It is the tramp of cavalry. They are coming in this direction. Drive on quicker—drive as quickly as you can," said François with excitement.

"We cannot go faster in this road unless we go over the cliffs," said the driver; "and the tramping seems to be coming nearer very fast."

They had ascended the sharp acclivity of a hill whose height, elevating itself over minor obstacles, looked down on the road by which they had come. There was no intervening thing to break the noise arising from below, and therefore the tramp of the advancing horsemen came on their ears with fresh distinctness.

"They will overtake us in twenty minutes," said the driver decisively.

"And we cannot stir from this road"

"With the car, not an inch."

"What can we do?"

'Shelter in the rocks until they pass."

"But the car will betray us."

"We must get rid of it."

"But how?"

The driver shrugged his shoulders. There was, however, a look of intelligence in his eye which François read at once.

"I believe you are right; it is the only thing possible," said the latter with a quick smile. "Eugene! Eugene! I say, awake! There is not a moment to be lost."

A hurried and unceremonious shake quickly aroused the slumberer, who—the rest and sleep having much refreshed him—was more ready to attend to outward circumstances.

"Eh! Where am I? Is this you, François? I was dreaming of Seamore."

"Never mind Seamore—wherever that is," said François hurriedly, "and only remember that you are an escaping prisoner, with English cavalry coming swiftly after you."

"Yes. I remember now," said the late captain of the Hoche, shaking himself free from his stupor and dreams. "Cavalry, did you say—where?"

'Listen."

For a moment they listened; the hoof-beats on the stony road coming with greater and nearer resonance.

"We shall be taken, François," said Eugene with a shudder. "Is there no means of hurrying forward?"

"To go even a yard faster in every half hour would send us over the precipice. We must go along at a snail's pace."

"What shall we do? We cannot suffer ourselves to be retaken."

"Then I'll tell you what we must do. Take to these rocks overhead. They will afford us shelter for a time. It would be quite impossible for them to find us out in the dusk of evening or in the night."

"But the vehicle will point out our hiding place to them at once."

"We shall hurl it over the cliff, Eugene. It is our only chance. As Augereau hurled his canon over the precipice of Monterey. It is a good augur in our retreat," said François, with a ray of his old gaiety beaming through his smile.

"Precisely what I thought myself," said Eugene with a faint smile.

After a short conversation with the driver the horse was unyoked, and, while yet on their ears the tramp of the pursuing horses was growing perilously near, the car and its accompaniments were by their united aid hurled down the steep embankment. It was a work of little trouble, for no wall or protection bordered the road from the cliff, and the vehicle went tumbling down, carrying with it an avalanche of stones and shingle, until it reached the bottom and plunged into the coarse brushwood that grew around the base, burying itself therein.

The driver, that operation effected, mounted the shaggy pony and galloped forward along the cliff road, whilst Eugene and François, the former helped by the latter, crept up the hillside and sought shelter behind some rocks.

"This is a queer outcome to the expedition for the freedom of Ireland—is it not?" said François as, after recovering themselves from their hurried climb, and having gathered their breath, they were free to watch for the coming of their pursuers, and talk in whispered sentences.

"It is unfortunate," said Eugene.

"Unfortunate! It is miserable—disgraceful," said François emphatically. "I do not mind my own share in the business, if any honor had resulted from it, or indeed any success at all; but think of it, Eugene! to give up the chance of captain of hussars in D'Auvergne's command—and on active service, too—for this business!"

"It was unfortunate undoubtedly," said Eugene, not unamused at his companion's self deprecation and disappointment.

"Unfortunate!" exclaimed the other. "Only think of it! Look on me hiding here, a fugitive outcast, behind a rock on the side of a barren mountain, in—I might almost call it—a desert island. And hiding from whom? from what? A handful of cavalry that a Centieme hussar would charge single handed!"

"You may thank your stars, François, if you can continue hiding, and safely continue. There is no dishonor when men have done their best in a good cause. And as to there cavalry pursuing us—they may be few, but, they are as powerful under the circumstances as if they numbered thousands. You may be, and have often proved yourself, daring enough when two armies were engaged—but, François, the only glory we need hope for now is the glory of escape. You don't know," added he with a shudder, "what a supreme glory that is."

"I have no knowledge of it," said François somewhat ironically.

"None, François, none whatever. No language can paint the horrors of the hulks—no imagination conceive the sickening terrors of imprisonment therein. But hurrah! here they come!"

They ceased speaking as the clatter of hoofs above the stony surface of the road came sharply on their ears. In a moment or two a party of dragoons—some nine or ten—came around a corner into view. The dusk had fallen on the hillside, but the bright sheen of the scabbards and the steel trappings of the horses shone clearly enough for all that.

In single file, for the road was too narrow and dangerous to admit of aught else, they passed on. Their tread could be heard for some short distance, but a projection of the hill suddenly shut them out from view, and the sounds almost as suddenly ceased.

"They have passed, François. Shall we remain here?" asked Eugene, after a space of time during which their ears were strained trying to catch further token of the soldiers' movements.

"No, I think not. We had better move up higher. They must have seen the car on the cliff from the valley, and will wonder what his become of it. Trust me they will make further search."

"Well, we had better place ourselves in a position of more safety. The higher up the better. It would be a sorrowful thing after such a chance to see ourselves prisoners again."

"It would. I have not had such experience as you have had, but I am quite unwilling to go to one of their prisons. The world is far too beautiful for that, and has, I trust, better things in store for me. Is it painful?" asked François, referring to the wound.

"It is—very. The cold and the exhaustion have not tended to make it better."

"Yes, and I completely forgot to provide some refreshments for you. In my hurry to get away I completely forgot them.'

"If our friends the enemy were gone back we should probably meet hospitality here," said Eugene.

"You may rely upon it we should. Would you be able to climb the hill a little?"

"I think so—with your aid. But hush, François—did you hear anything?"

"Only the moving of a curlew through the heath. If you had been as long on the tramp through the mountains as I have been you would know their movement."

"Perhaps it is. But somehow the least thing startles me this evening. I suppose my nerves are high strung because of my weakness—which puts me in mind to ask you—curiously enough I had forgotten it before," said Eugene, as, leaning on his friend's arm, he left his hiding place and essayed to climb the steep hill, "how it came to pass that you were in the British fleet."

"It is a long story to tell, Eugene, but for the present it is enough to say that Humbert's small detachment——"

"Ay, Humbert, what of him? I had forgotten him too," remarked Eugene, as he paused for a moment.

"What of him? Why, what should have been expected if we were not all most inconsiderate and enthusiastic fools. He landed with his two thousand men in a country where the insurrection had been weeks before drowned out in blood. We won a battle at a place—Castlebar, they call it—where we sent ten times our number of British forces flying. But we had no time to drill the raw levies that flocked to our standard; they had neither arms nor ammunition, nor had we any to give them. We could not with 2,000 French soldiers fight the whole British nation, and so we surrendered. But we as a unit of the invading force, but not having any special reason to love the British prisons more than yours, I took leave, when we surrendered, to escape. Guided by friendly hands through many perils and dangers, I gained the western regions only to be made a prisoner and brought on board their fleet. However, they treated me well—the soldiers were not bad fellows—but I am glad to be once more free and——"

"Which you shall not long be!" cried a voice behind them. "Yield yourselves up prisoners, in the King's name!"

The startling words had scarcely come on their ears when they were seized; and almost before they were aware of it their hands were securely bound behind them.

"You have given us rather a long search of you, gentlemen," said an officer, stepping forward; "but your escape was badly managed, after all. You had better come with us, and next time you may have safer chance of success."

Very little of this half ironical address fell on the ears of François. This sudden seizure, when he believed himself quite secure, paralyzed him. Eugene, more hardened to the vicissitudes of warfare, at once accepted the situation.

The latter simply asked:

"Where do you take us?"

"Back to your friends. It was scarcely fair of you after the trouble you gave us in your first capture, to put us to the necessity of a second. Bring the prisoners down, men."

They descended the hill, and reached the road without a further word passing. The sensation of surprise had hardly time to abate with François when the sound of horses approaching fell on his ears. Looking in the direction from whence they came, he could see a number of cavalry chargers, most of them without riders, trotting towards them. A sense of dismay fell on his heart, as he thought of his beloved France, and the weary months, if not years, he must pass before he could see it again.

"It is all the fortune of war, my friend," said the officer, with no unkindness in his tones, as he noticed the passing depression in the young fellow's countenance, "but for the present it is necessary to boot and saddle. There is a long ride from here to Letterkenny, whither your comrades have been sent. We must follow."

Eugene and François were provided with separate horses, the soldiers mounting behind two of their comrades. In this manner they retraced the road they had so recently come.

"Poor Eugene," thought François to himself.

"Poor François," thought Eugene.

Each felt not for himself, but for his friend.

The road widening when they had passed into the valley, the troop quickened into a trot, the two prisoners in the centre and the soldiers before and behind.

François for a moment thought to escape, but, glancing at the bound condition of his friend, and his own equally helpless position, he abandoned the idea almost as soon as it was formed.

With thoroughly French lightness of heart under difficulties, he dispelled the annoyance that at first pressed on him, and rode gaily along. At worst he thought it would be only a question of time until he should see La Belle France again, and in the meantime there was no use in wearing one's self out with hopeless repining.

It was otherwise, however, with Eugene. There were many reasons why a prison life, even for a short time, would be insufferable to him. If it were nothing else, it was the thought of Seamore—the thought of Helen Barrington, and of his sister Alice.

Two years had passed over since he had heard of them, and what changes these two years might have brought about! What had become of the former? Could she have been married to the baronet—the husband and would be murderer of his sister! But the thought in itself was torture. He would banish it from his mind. It were ill brooding to think over it.

To banish the gloomy foreboding that his position gave rise to, he sought to divert his attention by taking note of the surrounding objects. In the bay he tried to make out in the moonlight—now beginning to throw dimly a misty brightness over the waters—the forms of the ships lying silently thereon.

Turning his eyes from that vague search to the front—a blinding flash met his eyes, and simultaneously a quick sharp report—or rather reports—for they came not all together—smote on his ears!

A confused uprearing of the horses in front, a swaying unsteadily of their riders, a loosening of the reins, a hoarse cry of startled angry voices, followed by another flash of light and another burst of sound!—all occurring in such rapid succession and so unexpectedly that for the moment the whole business was quite incomprehensible to him. Not, indeed, that he had power or time to form any opinion on the matter, for, in the backward rush of the horses and the little power of control he had over his own with his manacled hands, he was thrown down in the confusion. He was only cognizant for a moment of a sense of deadly peril from the trampling and rushing steeds, and then a darkness closed over his eyes, and the world of reality vanished from his brain.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Irisleabhar na Gaedhilge.

The following beautiful verses were inspired by the extreme difficulty experienced by the managers of the "Gaelic Journal," Dublin, in keeping it alive. It is shameful, and an awful disgrace to the Celtic race at home and abroad that the only publication of any merit in existence entirely devoted to the preservation of their national language, should be everlastingly in a semi-moribund condition:

An eugfaidh sé, an eugfaidh sé, ár n-Irisleabhráu breágh?
An clódh amháin a labhaireas linn i g-canamhuin ár n-gráth,—
Ar n-dithchioll fíor le caint ár d-tír' do chur ar is faoi cháil,—
D'a choimeud beo d'ár sliocht go deo air thalamh Inse Fáil?

An eugfaidh sé, an eugfaidh sé i n-earrach óg a shaoghail,
Gan taca d'fhághail ó bheagán lámh' measg iomlán Chlann na nGaedheal?
An eugfaidh sé, ár lochrann léighinn, ár leabhráu lonnrach láu,
Ar g-cisde dhíl de mhaitheas, fuighill ár n-abhráu 'gus ár n-dán, .

An eugfaidh sé, an eugfaidhe sé, ár b-plánnda úr, go bráth,
Air maidin mhaoith a bheatha, no a d-tiocfaidh sé chum bláth'?
A bh-fásfaidh sé, a sgabfaidh sé trid Eirinn ghlais go fóil,
Sean sgeulta grinn' 'gus nótaidhe binn' ár d-teangan 'gus ár g-ceoil?

An eugfaidh sé, an eugfaidh sé, d'éis beatha bliadhain no dhó,
An séal amháin a thaisbeanas go bh-fuil ár nGaedhilig beo;—
Go bh-fuil sí beo, 's go m-beidh sí beo ma's cine sinn gan feall,
Chó fhad a's mairfidh muin a g-Clár, no fraoch a n-Dún na nGall?

An eugfaidh sé, an eugfaidh sé? Biodh freagra uaibh go léir,
A Chlann na nGaedheal, cé b'áit a bh-fuil bhur g-cómhnuidhe faoi an spéir.
Suas, suas gach fear, 'gus foilsigh dhúinn a n-aon ghuth brioghmhar, sláu,
"'Sí Gaedhilig mhín sean-Éirean caoin', ár d-teanga féin amháin!"

Má eugann sé, má eugann sé, ná cluineadh mé níos mó,
Aon tracht air chúis bhur saoirse uaibh a choidhche no go deó:
'Sí daoirse duais gach sciábhuidh bholcht,—ní fiú é saoirse d'fhághail
Nach tabhairfeadh meas dár leabhráu deas a d-teangain Inse Fáil.

PATRAIC.

Literary Notes.

A story of unusual power and strange plot, by Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen, will begin in the May *Cosmopolitan* and run through three numbers. Two other pieces of fiction will attract attention in the May number; two real war stories by men who have been in the thick of the fight. One by Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, and the other by Albion Tourgee, author of "The Fool's Errand." The illustrations of all three are something unusual. In addition to its strong fiction, this number contains a beautifully illustrated article on the Cleopatras of the stage; another on New Philadelphia, for which the drawings were made by Harry Fenn. Some wonderful flash light photographs illustrate the underground workings of a Leadville silver mine.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine, for May. Among the most interesting articles are: A lengthy account of the Silver Jubilee of Archbishop Williams, with a correct portrait. Mr. Peter McCorry's Revisit to Ireland. Origin of Journalism by A. F. Marshall, of London. Kildoons, the interesting story by Victor O'D. Power. Edmund Bailey O'Callaghan, the Irish-Canadian patriot. The Mission of Santa Clara, California. Gymnastics Essential to Education. Women as Physicians, by Cardinal Gibbons. The Queen Isabella Association, by Agnes Hampton. To Carpineto, the birthplace of Leo XIII., by P. L. Connellan. Sayings of Cardinal Newman. Herr Windthorst, by Agnes Hampton, together with a great variety of other matter, too numerous to mention.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly,

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BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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RECIPROCITY OR WAR.

That Is What Cuba Said to the Mother Country.

UNCLE SAM MAKES A GOOD BARGAIN.

Gen. Foster's Mission to Spain Crowned with Success—The Wishes of Cuba Prevail in the Contest Over the American Reciprocity Treaty—Italian Newspapers Impatient at Secretary Blaine's "Leisurely Manner."

MADRID, April 21.—The reciprocity convention between Spain and the United States, as drafted by Premier Canovas del Castillo, representing Spain, and Gen. J. W. Foster, representing the United States, is based, so far as the United States is concerned, upon the third, or reciprocity, section of the new American law. In return for the privilege of free entry into the United States of Antilles sugars, molasses, coffee and hides, and a reduction of the duty on tea, America will obtain exemption from duties on most of her raw and manufactured products and a reduction of the tariff on cereals and flour. The negotiations were protracted upon the question of the entire abolition of the tariff on cereals, flour, etc., including petroleum and lard. The same question in regard to tobacco was also raised, but not coming within the scope of the third section of the American tariff law, was put aside. Premier Canovas offered protracted resistance to the abolition on flour. Barcelona and Santander traders, who are largely interested in flour shipments, presented energetic protests, which fortified the minister in his indisposition to accede to the American proposals.

Trade in American Flour.

Eventually representations that American reciprocity would be impossible without the free admission of American cereals induced Premier Canovas to assent to such a reduction of the tariff as will place American flour upon a nearly equal footing with Spanish flour Santander merchants declare that, taking into consideration the cost of the transportation of Castile grain, of which the bulk goes to the Antilles, American flour will crush out the Spanish product in the Spanish West Indies. Cuba now consumes 500,000 barrels of flour yearly, chiefly Spanish, which enters free of duty, and pays for it $12 per barrel. Trade in American flour, burdened with an extra duty of 20 per cent. since 1889, has been completely wiped out to the advantage of the Spanish product. Under the new convention the entry of American flour practically free of duty will lower the price to about $6 per barrel and will extinguish the importation of Spanish flour while increasing the Cuban consumption to 1,000,000 barrels yearly, all of which will be American product.

Had to Come to Time.

If the pressure of Spanish interests had not been counteracted by the demands of the Cuban commission of notables, who were determined to obtain reciprocity with the United States, Premier Canovas would have declined to make such concessions. The prospect of a dangerous tension of the relations of Spain with Cuba and Porto Rico, resulting possibly in civil war, obliged the government to sacrifice home industries to colonial interests. Under the new convention America will obtain a kind of zollverein with the Spanish Antilles. Her wheat, beans, flour, lard, petroleum, manufactured products, and machinery will enter practically free of duty. Among other Spanish exports olive oil will be replaced by American lard, and beans now exported to Cuba in large quantities, will cease to be sent. The advantages resulting to Cuba will be great, but it is impossible to estimate the injury to Spanish trade.

THE ITALIAN IMBROGLIO.

Newspapers of Rome Complain of Blaine's "Leisurely Manner."

ROME, April 21.—The newspapers of this city are complaining bitterly of what they term the "leisurely manner" of Mr. Blaine in replying to the communications of the Italian government relative to the New Orleans affair. They seem to forget in Italy that, using the usual means of communication between governments, it takes three weeks for Italy and the United States to exchange communications. They also seem to forget that the United States has just as good grounds for complaint against the Italian government as the papers claim the latter has against the American secretary of state.

The Case of Salvatore Paladina.

Take for instance the case of the Italian, Salvatore Paladina. The American government demanded that this offender against the laws of the United States, who had fled to Italy, be extradited to stand trial upon the charge of counterfeiting. The Italian government two weeks after this demand asked the American legation here what citizenship Paladina claimed, whether American or Italian. In response to this question the American legation stated, on the same date that the request for information was received, that Paladina claimed to be an Italian subject. This was the last heard of the matter for two months, when, in answer to the United States government's request for the extradition of Paladina, the Italian government stated that the constitution and laws of Italy did not allow of the carrying out of the treaty existing between Italy and the United States so far as the extradition of Italians was concerned.

Paymaster McClure's Murderers.

Italy again took this position relative to the Italian constitution and laws when the United States subsequently demanded the extradition of the two Italians who were implicated in the murder of Paymaster McClure, an employe of a contractor who was engaged in constructing a railroad near Wilkesbarre, Pa., and Hugh Flanigan, another employe of the same contractor, who were killed and robbed of a sum of money which the paymaster had to pay laborers, and for which crime a third man was tried and convicted. His two accomplices made their escape from the United States and returned to Italy, but the Italian government refused to surrender them for trial, basing its refusal on the ground that it would be extra-constitutional to surrender Italian subjects for trial in a foreign country.

Pretext to Persecute the Jews.

LONDON, April 21.—Shameikin, the would-be assassin of the czar, is said to have implicated a number of Jews in his confession, and as a result 3,000 of that race have been expelled from Kieff, where the plot to murder the czar had its origin. Shamiekin has told the police that he did not care to live, as he had forfeited his life when he agreed to kill the czar.

Would Not Obey Their Officers.

LONDON, April 21.—The Grenadier guards are again insubordinate. At 8 o'clock Tuesday morning the Third battalion, now stationed at Chelsea barracks in this city, were ordered to parade in full marching order. The guardsmen, who have been in a sullen mood for some time past, refused to obey the commands of their officers. The latter held a hurried consultation, and it was decided to communicate with the men through the non-commissioned officers of the battalion. The arguments of the latter had some effect eventually, and after a period of waiting four companies of the Third battalion moved out on parade in a leisurely and slovenly manner and presenting every possible mark of discontent and anger. The remaining companies, however, refused to leave the barracks. An investigation will be held.

Another Terrible Massacre.

MARSEILLES, April 21.—The latest mails from Madagascar bring a report that the Sakalavas of Marrombo have massacred the governor of the Tubar and fifty-seven Hova soldiers, after the Sakalava king had promised the governor an audience. The victims' bodies were horribly mutilated. Thirteen Hova custom officials were also murdered. The inhabitants of Tubar fled in terror to the French colony on the island of Mossi-Be, near Madagascar. At last accounts a French gunboat was cruising along the Madagascar coast waiting for Hova reinforcements.

Blaine's Son Meets Wales.

LONDON, April 21.—Gen. J. W. Foster and James G. Blaine, Jr., have arrived here from Madrid. Gen. Foster and Mr. Blaine will sail on the steamer Teutonic Wednesday for New York. Mr. Lincoln, the United States minister, presented Mr. Blaine at the Prince of Wales' levee Monday. Gen. Foster was invited, but he declined to attend the levee on the ground that he had had the honor twice previously and now had his hands full of business.

Jews Must Leave St. Petersburg.

VIENNA, April 21.—A gentleman in this city has received a letter from a Jewish friend, a lawyer of St. Petersburg, saying that all Jews resident in the Russian capital have been commanded to leave by May 1. This means the financial and industrial ruin of many Jews, although they will be permitted to reside in the eastern and southern provinces of Russia.

Booth Hard Up for Money.

LONDON, April 21.—Gen. Booth has issued an appeal in behalf of the Salvation Army and his work. The general says that he is short £20,000 pounds in his current expenses, and fears that much of his work may have to be abandoned, as he has already gone as far as he dare to go without substantial assistance.

Portugal Goading England.

LONDON, April 21.—The Standard and The News, in discussing the seizure of the Willoughby expedition by the Portuguese authorities in South Africa, say that Portugal is goading Great Britain to the utmost limits allowable even to so weak a power.

WERE NOT EXECUTED.

Four Condemned Men Make Their Escape from the Guards.

EUFAULA, I. T., April 21.—Those who went to the court house of the Wewaka district, Creek nation, to witness the execution of the seven negroes condemned to be shot Monday were disappointed. No condemned men were in sight. The light horse men were scouring the country in pursuit of four of the men, who through the carelessness of their guards, escaped Friday night and have not been recaptured. Those who escaped were Ross Riley, Perry Johnson, Cudge Barnett, and Douglass Brown. The latter, being convicted the third time for horse-stealing, was under the laws of this nation condemned to be shot. The remaining three—Lake Andy, Prince Hawkins, and Jeff Brown—were pardoned Saturday night by Governor Perryman.

Tulsatown Indians Excited.

Twenty light light horse men of the Wewaka and Deep Fork districts had been summoned to the scene of proposed execution to prevent any rescue by friends of the condemned men, rumors of which were afloat. Tulsatown Indians are greatly excited, and trouble is anticipated. There was put on guard over the men, who were chained together, a negro, Robert Taylor, and a light horse man of the Wewaka district, and it is thought that they connived at their escape by firing into the air when they fled. In the light of surrounding circumstances it is thought that the authorities were not troubled whether the prisoners escaped or not. The Tulsatown Indians will demand that every energy be put forth for their recapture.

Shot Two Men to Pieces.

The crime for which six of the men were sentenced was the killing of Robert Reed and Artey Wallo, two Tulsatown Indians, who with warrants for a negro named Bruner, Oct. 30, 1889, in attempting to arrest him killed him. In retaliation Andy Hawkins, Jeff Brown, Riley Johnson, Barnett and Cæser James—the latter convicted, but not captured—rode from a neighboring church after hearing the news of Bruner's killing to Tulsatown and killed Reed and Wallo, shooting them to pieces.

Favor Campbell's Renomination.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 21.—A poll of the general assembly shows that a large majority of the Democratic members favor the renomination of Governor Campbell. What little opposition there is to him comes from Hamilton county and results from the Cincinnati muddle. The Republican members of the legislature are practically a unit for McKinley.

Gold Found in the Bad Lands.

PIERRE, S. D., April 21.—Parties just returned from the Bad Lands in Ziebach county bring news of the discovery of gold in paying quantities along Sage creek. Out of two pans of earth washed out in a common pan 80 cents was taken. The news has caused big excitement here, and outfits are being gotten up to leave for the gold fields at once.

A Tie as to Women Delegates.

NEW LONDON, Conn., April 21.—It was announced in the southern New England conference Monday that the final vote on the admission of women was a tie.

Prof. James K. Thatcher, of Yale university, died Monday morning.

A SERIOUS SITUATION.

The Trouble in the Coke Regions Not Yet Over.

THE EXCITEMNT AT FEVER HEAT

Sheriff McCormick to Call on the Governor for More Troops to Preserve Order—Fierce Fight Between Strikers and Guards in Which One of the Latter Is Dangerously Injured — Row Between Union and Non-Union Sailors.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., April 20.—The coke region is again the scene of lawlessness and excitement is at fever heat. Friday night a band of about 100 strikers assaulted the Leisenring No. 2 plant of the Frick Coke company. Shots were exchanged, and for a time the fight waged furiously. The guards held their ground, and finally compelled the mob to beat a retreat, but not until one of the deputies was dangerously injured, and, it is thought, can not recover.

More Troops Necessary.

Sheriff McCormick up to this time has been trying to deal patiently with this lawless element and to avoid if possible being charged with using undue authority, but to-day he has about concluded to surrender and call on the government for state troops. His deputies' lives have been placed in peril a number of times during the past three or four days. A call for troops will likely be made. At the offices of the Frick and McClure companies word is given out that a few more men reported for work Saturday morning at a number of the plants now running and that the shipments of coke will be increased in a few days.

Labor Leaders Depressed.

The various meetings held by the labor leaders seem to have no effect, at least not in getting any of the men at work to quit. Master Workmen Wise and Hay returned from the Whitney & Lippincott works, near Latrobe, where they held meetings Friday. They are greatly depressed over the failure to accomplish anything. The men yet remaining out demand that those at work be brought out and the Italians driven away within two days, or all the men would claim their jobs. The situation with the leaders is becoming painfully serious and looks more like defeat every day.

Water Tanks Blown Up.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., April 20.—Reports have just reached here that the strikers blew up the water tanks at the Kyle works of the Frick company early Saturday morning. The report says that no guards were about and no one was hurt. The report has not yet been confirmed, though it is known that the strikers there are very bitter against the eighteen men who have gone back to work.

OTHER LABOR TROUBLES.

Non-Union Sailors Attacked by Union Men at Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 20.—The trouble between the union and non-union seamen has culminated in a row. The Sir John T. Mott, Capt. Blair, is manned by non-union men and was towed out alongside the breakwater. At 10:30 p. m. during a dense fog, two yawls filled with brawney men drew up alongside and the party boarded the ship. They proceeded to bombard the forecastle where the non-union men were quartered. The hatchway doors were forced open and a volley of stones hurled inside.

Routed the Union Men.

Capt. Blair rallied his sailors and they made an onslaught on the attacking party, who took to their boats. Capt. Blair says one of the assailants had a gas-pipe bomb with which it was intended to blow up the ship. Several of the Mott's crew were injured by the stones. The crew are now armed and have been instructed to shoot any person interfering with them. The union men here are becoming violent.

Must Accept Last Year's Scale.

BRAZIL, Ind., April 20.—The miners of this section held an immense mass meeting here to confer with the operators regarding the scale for the coming year. The operators informed the miners that they must accept last year's scale, and individually sign a waiver of their rights under the eight-hour law, requiring coal to be weighed before screening. The miners have not yet determined what course to pursue.

Strike in a Car Shops.

MT. VERNON, Ills., April 20.—Fifty-three of the wood machine men of the car shops are on strike. They ask the discharge of the forman of that department. It is feared that the strike will become a general one and that nearly all of the 600 employes will go out.

Tragedy at the Breakfast Table.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, April 18.—A family row at Leclaire, twelve miles north, will result fatally for one of the victims, if not both. Newton Nesbit and wife were eating breakfast, when the husband made a reflecting remark. Mrs. Nesbit drew a revover and sent a ball into the back of his head; she then in a second shot herself twice, the first ball taking effect in the neck, and the second making a scalp wound. Nesbit was a steamboat fireman and lived unhappily with his family.

A Terrible Story from Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, April 17.—A horrible case of neglect was discovered Thursday in the poorhouse at Newport, Ky. Mrs. Noonan, an aged inmate, becoming ill, her sister, Mrs. Kerrigan, of Cincinnati, also an old woman, went to attend to her some days ago. While there she became ill and both women were unable to leave the room or to call help. Nobody visited them. On Tuesday Mrs. Kerrigan died and not until Thursday morning was her sister able to get out of the room to tell of the death.

Bill for Weekly Pay Day.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 17.—The bill requiring every manufacturing, mining, quarrying, lumbering, mercantile, railroad, surface, street, electric and elevated railway, steam railway (except surface railroads), steamboat, telegraph, telephone and municipal corporation, and every incorporated express company and water company to pay its employes weekly has passed both branches of the Illinois general assembly and only awaits the governer's signature to become a law.

Dr. Sharp, of Stockton Ill., who had expressed his approval of the lynching of the Italians at New Orleans, has received letters signed by the "Mafia" threatening him with death.

THE FOREIGN BUDGET.

End of a Celebrated Breach of Promise Case.

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT WINNER.

Large Sums of Money Lost by the Decision in Favor of the Ex-New York Editor—The Verdict Greeted with a Burst of Applause—The Newfoundland Delegates Pleased with Their Conference with Lord Salisbury.

LONDON, April 20.—The jury in the breach-of-promise case of Mis Gladys Evelyn against William Henry Hurlbert brought in a verdict Monday in favor of Hurlbert. The court room was packed and the announcement of the jury's decision was greeted with a burst of applause, which the presiding justice promptly ordered suppressed. Betting on the result took a change toward the end. Prior to several days ago odds had been offered on Hurlbert 5 to 1.

Odds on Miss Evelyn.

But after he told the thin story that his private secretary, one Wilfred Murray, personated him in gaining the affections of Miss Evelyn, it was considered that the jury would probably mulct him in nominal damages, and betting changed to odds on Miss Evelyn. Large sums have been lost by the decision being in favor of the ex-New York editor. Counsel for Miss Evelyn at once moved for a new trial and it was considered probable that she will get it since the judge delivered a strong charge against Hurlbert.

NEWFOUNDLANDERS SATISFIED.

Salisbury Smoothes Their Ruffled Fronts and They Feel Better.

LONDON, April 20.—The Newfoundland delegates express themselves as well satisfied with their conference with Lord Salisbury. The particulars of the interview, however, have not been made known. Mr. Emerson, speaking for the delegation, says that Lord Salisbury requested that the negotiations be kept secret until a decision shall have been arrived at in the matter. He received the delegates graciously, and all the phases of the question at issue were talked over. It has been decided by the government to allow the delegates to present before the house of lords on Thursday the address adopted by the Newfoundland legislature. Mr. Emerson will be the spokesman of the delegation on that occasion.

Married an Opera Singer.

BERLIN, April 20.—Prince Joseph de Rohan, duc de Bouillon, and Fraulein Anna Linck, the well-known opera bouffe singer, and sister of the comedian Linck, formerly of Amberg's theatre, New York, were married at Schloss Plankenstein, Austria, on Friday. The prince is an officer in an Austrian hussar regiment. He is a widower, his former wife having died some years ago. Fraulein Linck, in addition to being ten years his senior, has been concerned in many scandals.

Bringing the Old Man to Terms.

BERLIN, April 20.—The Baroness Alexanderissa Becscy is entertaining the Berlin jeunesse doree nightly at a cafe chatant with abbreviated skirts and risque songs. She is the wife of one of the proudest of Hungarian magnates and was at one time the bosom friend of the Austrian empress. She receives $300 a month for her performances and means to remain in the profession unless her husband relents as to the amount of pin money he will place at her disposal.

Why Davitt Was Excluded.

LONDON, April 20.—Mr. William H. Smith, the government leader, stated in the house of commons that the reason Mr. Davitt was excluded from the labor commission was that he was convicted of treason felony in 1870 and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, and that the evidence before the special committee in connection with Mr. Davitt's political antecedents and relations convinced the government that he was unfitted to serve.

Parnell Stumping in Ireland.

DUBLIN, April 20.—At Athor Saturday Parnell addressed a large throng of admirers. He denounced the McCarthyites for opposing the land bill, which, he said, could not fail to be of great benefit to the Irish farmers, and which, therefore, it would no doubt please the opposition to see defeated. He repeated the same charges at Irishtown, Mayo, Sunday.

Baron Fava Reaches Paris.

PARIS, April 20.—Baron Fava has arrived here on his way to Rome. The Soleil says that in conversation on board the steamer La Gascogne, the ex-minister stated that the Marquis Imperiali would soon be recalled and that Italy would not be represented at Washington until the New Orleans affair was definitely settled.

A DEATH-BLOW TO LINERS.

Secretary Noble Suspends the Order Opening Land in Wisconsin.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 16.—In view of anticipated trouble among the boomers, many of whom are armed, now surrounding the track of land in the Ashland district in northern Wisconsin, Secretary Noble Thursday suspended the order opening the lands to homestead settlement. This action was taken by the secretary after a conference with Commissioner Carter, who represented that bloodshed was imminent if the order was allowed to take effect Friday, in order to allow the boomers to return to their homes and disarm themselves. Commissioner Carter said Thursday that no date for the opening of the tract had been determined upon and that it was not probable that the order would be reissued for several weeks.

The Liners Break Ranks.

ASHLAND, Wis., April 20.—In accordance with instructions from Secretary Noble no filings were received at the land office Friday morning, although several were presented. The men all remained in line Thursday night and until noon Friday, when they broke up and left for home. Over 1,000 departed before noon and the remainder left Saturday morning. The city is perfectly quiet and the men are indulging in much-needed rest. Company A, Janesville Light infantry, Wisconsin National guard, received word to be in readiness for duty here, but it is not at all likely their services will be needed.

Charles Huma, aged 5, was burned to death by a fire in his father's barn near Wichita, Kan

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The commissioners of the Georgia negro college have decided on Savannah for the location of the college. That city gives a large tract of land in the suburbs and $15,000.

The John Steinmuth Jewelry company, of Helena, Mont., has assigned. Assets will cover liabilities.

The home of President Polk is about to be sold for taxes. The property is very valuable and Mrs. Polk is abundantly able to pay the taxes.

M. S. Good, a forger from Nebraska, was captured near Pinnacle Springs, Ark., on Friday night, after killing James P. Paxton, a detective, who had been pursuing him.

Seven prisoners confined in the jail at Ardmore, I. T., made their escape.

Thieves entered the postoffice at Andalusia, Ills., bound and gagged the postmaster, and stole a quantity of mail matter and $26 in cash from the money drawer.

In the United States annually about 2,500 persons are tried for murder, with an average of about 100 legal executions. In five of the states imprisonment for life has been established for the death penalty.

W. C. Cash, the murderer of E. T. Young, was acquitted at Dallas, Tex., and immediately remarried his divorced wife, the cause of the tragedy.

The daily and weekly Dispatch of Michigan City, Ind., has been sold to Senator H. H. Francis, who will continue the publication.

Forty huge cases of gold coin passed through Berlin Saturday from Paris en route for St. Petersburg.

John Hanson, of Taylor's Station, Wis., was found dead in his room at a West Superior hotel, having blown out the gas.

Senator Call's friends captured the Democratic caucus at Tallahassee, Fla.

While at target practice Sunday at his home in Chapin, Ills., Perry Cooper, 18 years of age, was accidentally shot and killed by his cousin, a boy 8 years of age.

A train on the Mexican National railroad passed through a cyclone at Torreone, Mex., Saturday. The windows in the cars were broken and several persons hurt.

Lucas Corn, son of a well-known minister, hung himself in the Harrodsburg, Ky., jail. A fellow-prisoner rescued him barely in time to save his life.

The Hancock flint bottle works of Findlay, Ohio, employing 125 hands, have shut down until Sept. 1.

The Rev. Father McGoren, a Catholic priest visiting at Newport, Ky., fell head first from a high sidewalk into a mudhole and was suffocated.

A New York morning paper says that Tenny is broken down and will not start in the Suburban or Brooklyn handicap.

Ezra Cummins, of Alaska, Ind., left his home for good, saying his wife is too good for him and leaving her his property.

William Green and George Ross, two convicts at the Ohio penitentiary, quarreled and Ross stabbed Green, inflicting probably fatal injuries.

At a meeting of stockholders of The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette the old directors, headed by Richard Smith, were re-elected.

A crazy negro woman set fire to the Corenshaw county poor house, and it burned to the ground. An old bed-ridden man named William Johnson was consumed with it.

Scarlet fever has been raging for two months at Lake City, Ills.

Senator Barthelemy St. Hilaire of France in an interview said that France was on the road to bankruptcy. A deadly struggle with Germany for Alsace-Lorraine, he said, was inevitable.

The Lake Erie and Western railway declared a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. on the preferred stock, payable May 15.

One of the streets of Palermo is named after President Lincoln. This was done by order of the Marquis di Rudini, the new premier of Italy, who was mayor of Palermo at the time of Lincoln's assassination.

Maj. McClaughry, formerly superintendent of Joliet prison and for three years in charge of Pennsylvania's new reformatory at Altoona, has resigned and will go to Pittsburg.

An immense lumber trust has been formed in Georgia. The capitalisation will be $50,000,000.

Balser Schulz, of Independence, Iowa, dropped dead, while pumping water, from the effects of starvation.

The Caroline pit at Gleiwiz, Silesia, is burning. Four miners were killed by the explosion which preceded the fire, and twenty were injured.

The Schaff excise bill was passed in the New York assembly Wednesday by a vote of 68 to 54. It practically repeals the law compelling the bars to be closed Sunday.

Cholera is killing forty persons daily in Siam.

Wednesday's American association games resulted as follows: St. Louis 13, Columbus 8; Louisville 5, Cincinnati 4; Boston 6, Washington 2; Baltimore 14, Athletic 4.

H. A. Hilman, of Carroll, Iowa, accidentally shot himself while hunting, and was found lying dead near his home.

At Reed City, Mich., Miss Blanche B. Davidson, aged 37, shot and killed herself.

William Ryan, a farmer living eight miles south of Champaign, Ills., has discovered natural gas on his property.

Judge Garrett S. Van Wagoner, a prominent member of the St. Louis bar is dead.

At Denver, Colo., two of the indicted politicians, Otto Mears and the Hon. Fred W. Olsen, charged with bribery in connection with the legislature, appeared in the criminal court and gave bail for their appearance in the sum of $1,500.

Atlanta, Ga., gave President Harrison and his party an enthusiastic reception.

The finding of fifty human skeletons near Corpus Crispi, Tex., last week is accounted for by William Payne, manager of the Farmers' Alliance at Whitewright, Tex. He says eighty of his comrades deserted in a body from the rebel service and started for Mexico, not one of them having been heard of since, and that they were captured and executed to a man.

Senator Vilas returned to his home at Madison, Wis., from a seven-weeks' fishing trip along the Florida coast very much improved in health.

Secretary Blaine and Assistant Secretary Soley, of the navy, on the United States steamer Dispatch, arrived at Fortress Monroe, Va., and exchanged salutes with the fort.

A general and heavy rain fell in South Dakota. Seeding was over in most of the state and the rain will be of great help. Farmers and all others are rejoicing over the prospects of a prosperous season.

Joseph Nelson, of Racine, Wis., recovered $4,000 for injuries received while unloading a freight car.

Over 100 gamblers have been arrested at Toledo, Ohio, since the new mayor, V. J. Emmick, assumed office, and he declares they will be given no quarter.

The Mansfield, Ohio, presbytery of the United Presbyterian church by a vote of 11 to 4 has deposed the Rev. John Gaily from the ministry on the charge of drunkenness.

The report that Mrs. Antonio de Navarro (Mary Anderson) had become a mother is untrue.

King Humbert has sent $100 to each child left an orphan by the steamship Utopia disaster.

The Wisconsin senate Thursday passed the apportionment bill by a party vote, the Republicans making a bitter fight to amend it.

Brad Morey, a farmer living near Neenan, Wis., was arrested charged with manslaughter. About two weeks ago, while he was felling a tree, a farmer named Christensen drove beneath the branches. The tree fell, killing him instantly.

Secretary Foster has announced that $21,000,000 in fractional currency will be put in circulation as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

The Richmond (Va.) State names as the next Democratic ticket Grover Cleveland and John W. Daniel, senator from Virginia.

Henry Baus, a carpenter of Wood Haven, N. Y., was awarded $1,000 damages by a jury against Aloysius Steffens, pastor of the Catholic church of that village, for alienating his wife's affections.

J. D. Mahaffy, the postmaster at Waddill, La., has been held for bigamy by the grand jury at Jackson, Miss.

By the explosion of a boiler on the farm of T. W. Dobbins at Lima, Ohio, Adam Sigler was scalded to death.

McKinsey Alexander, aged 6 years, died in Sebastian county, Ark., from the bite of a spider. The lad was bitten on the arm, and lingered three or four days in great agony.

A bill appropriating $50,000 for the state exhibit at the World's fair has passed both branches of the Minnesota legislature.

Minter Bros., dry goods merchant of Sedalia, Mo., filed a suit against the Bradstreet mercantile agency for $200,000 damages for malicious and libelous persecution.

Anson L. Storey, only brother of the late Wilbur F. Storey, died of la grippe at South Bend, Ind., aged 86 years.

Mrs. T. C. Clark, who was shot by a burglar at Edwardsville, Ills., died of her wound.

Mayor-Elect R. D. Lawrence, of Springfield, Ills., left his home via the Wabash for Indianapolis. Immediately after leaving Springfield he began bleeding violently at the nose, and the hemorrhage continued for an hour after he reached Decatur, where he stopped and was taken to a hotel and placed under the care of physicians.

There were eighteen cases of yellow fever on board the British bark Curlew while making a voyage from Rio Janiero to Pensacola. The vessel was not permitted to land at the latter place.

Two nickel steel plates, the first of American make, have been received at the Washington navy yard, and will be sent to the proving ground for testing.

The Canadian trades congress has petitioned the Dominion government to prohibit the importation of Chinese labor.

At Lexington, Ky., Wash Ramsey was shot and killed while standing at his gate by Lee Jenkins, a fellow-workman. Ramsey leaves a widow and two children.

A body of troops encountered a number of bandits on the San Auguastin estate in Cuba, and in the fight which ensued two of the outlaws were killed.

Martin Stevens, of Louisville, was robbed by two negroes at Lexington and his throat cut. There is little hope of his recovery.

The general subscription lists for the Gorman testimonial has been closed at Baltimore. The cost of the elaborate silver service will be $5,000. The movement has not been a popular one.

The receipts from internal revenue for the month of March amounted to $11,557,759, as follows: Spirits, $6,945,672; tobacco, $2,482,775; fermented liquors, $1,927,168; oleomargarine, $154,602; miscellaneous, $47,542.

Henry M. Stanley, when he sailed from New York, took with him the comfortable sum of $110,000 as his share of the $305,800 taken in for the 100 lectures delivered by him under the management of Maj. Pond between November and April.

A mass-meeting in Bloomington, Ills., passed resolutions opposing the opening of the World's fair on Sunday.

The steamer Olympia from Palermo arrived at the quarantine station at New Orleans with 450 Sicilians, who were cast adrift in that city.

George Buchanan, a farmer at Mulberry Grove township, Illinois, was found dead in a pasture. He committed suicide by drinking concentrated lye.

President Dwight, of Yale university, reports the money gifts to the institution for 1890 to have been $1,151,272. By the Fayerweather will Yale will receive $500,000, included in the above.

Eighteen immigrants, mostly Italians, who arrived in New York on the steamer Obdam were ordered to be returned by Col. Weber on the ground that they were likely to become public charges.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and to-day the most popular blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaint, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dolla

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, APRIL 25, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Judah."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Lotta.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Wm. H. Crane, "The Senator."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Co. "Men and Woman."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Trip to Chinatown."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Effie Ellsler.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Our Irish Visitors."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets. — Sybil Johnstone, "The Clemenceau Case."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"DUBLINER," City—The rudeness, and crudeness, of some of our people in this country, which you so freely, and uncharitably, criticise, are merely the outcome of centuries of oppression. The freedman, whether white or black, always presumes more on his newly acquired privileges than the man of any color born free. Undue familiarity and uncouthness of manner, are not crimes. They are simply faults which time, and better education, will eradicate. The vast majority of Irish-Americans are as courteous and considerate as any other people in this country.

"READER," City—It was the late John Mitchel who christened "Sir" Charles Gavan Duffy *Give in Duffy*, because of that party's vacillating course in Irish matters.

"90TH ILLINOIS," Rockford, Ill.—The late Col. James A. Mulligan was not born in Ireland. Neither was he a Fenian. He was a Catholic, and that he loved Ireland, after his own fashion, was fully exemplified by the fact that he always wore a green uniform in battle.

"ORANGEMAN," City—You are what is generally called a very common fellow. We keep your letter on exhibition. It is a charming composition. Send us a few more, and your real name with them. You are a sweet scented creature, and we thank you for the amusement you have afforded us.

"BALLINASLOE," City.—Tradition is often at fault in matters of the kind. It is almost certain that Sarsfield was not at Aughrim. If he had been present the Irish army would either have held its ground or retreated in good order after the death of St. Ruth. It is most probable that Sarsfield, after his well established quarrel with the French general, retired toward Limerick with his private cavalry command known as "Lord Lucan's Horse."

"NORA B.," Cleveland, O.—You write very good prose, but the poetry you submit is of so poor a quality that we cannot even encourage you to try again.

"SUBSCRIBER," City.—Your friend is evidently self-sufficient. Visitors should not prolong their stay unreasonably. Editors have enough annoyances to endure without being compelled to entertain bores who are, in nearly all cases, utter strangers.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

MR. "FIM" HEALY'S VAGARIES.

The acrid and eccentric Tim Healy, M. P., has been "going for" Mr. Parnell again in Dublin. Mr. Healy's whole course since the beginning of the quarrel has been calculated to make the breach in the Irish ranks permanent. His latest utterance on his favorite subject shows no diminution in the line of virulence, as will be seen by the following telegram:

DUBLIN, April 22.—At a meeting of the Irish National Federation held here today, Mr. David Sheehy, member of parliament for South Galway, made a statement, the substance of which is that 500 branches of the National Federation have been formed within the last six weeks, and that already £4,700 have been subscribed to carry out the purposes of the organization.

Mr. Timothy Healy, who presided, referred to Mr. Redmond's remarks made yesterday at the Tenants' Defense League Meeting, in regard to the impossibility of continuing the plan of campaign, as no funds were available. Mr. Healy said that this state of affairs resulted from Mr. Parnell's intention to ruin the campaign tenants. Every one of them, Mr. Healy said, was an anti-Parnellite.

Mr. Parnell, continued Mr. Healy, was in alliance with the Tories, and had undertaken, in order to please Mr. Balfour, to bring about a collapse of the plan of campaign on condition that no Conservative candidate should be put forward in opposition to him in the city of Cork.

But, said Mr. Healy, the evicted tenants would not be deserted. Even though Mr. Parnell abandoned them, the Federation would not abandon them.

Mr. Healy declared that he had written Mr. Parnell's speeches for him and had given interviews in his name.

THE CITIZEN refers its readers to Mr. Parnell's letter published in another column. As for Parnell's alleged alliance with the Tories, the entire Irish party, so called, was in alliance with them, and beat Mr. Gladstone at the polls, six years ago. Mr. Healy was one of the leaders of that alliance, and its result compelled Mr. Gladstone to bring in a measure of Home Rule, a little more liberal than that proposed to Mr. Parnell by the earl of Carnarvon, the Tory lord lieutenant of Ireland. THE CITIZEN has no faith in either of the English political parties—both are enemies of Ireland and Irishmen—but, as between the two, it has more trust in the Tories than in the Whigs. The Tories are, at least, gentlemen, and have some regard for their word of honor. The Whigs are not gentlemen. They are chiefly sneaks, liars and trimmers, and have ever been the deadliest foes of Ireland, and the most corrupt and corrupting element in Irish politics. It is a matter of history that the Irish, in past ages, fought with the Tories in the field as against the Whigs. Charles I. and James II. were both Tories; the parliament which fought the former was mainly composed of Whigs, and William of Orange, who fought King James, was the representative of the Whig party in England. The Irish were not wise in fighting for either party, but the statement we make in this regard is true as the gospel. Therefore, even if Parnell should be in alliance with the Tories, there is nothing disgraceful, from the Irish parliamentary standpoint, in the fact. He is perfectly justified in using one English party against the other, and a Tory Home Rule bill would be just as acceptable to Ireland as a Whig one. However, we believe that there is not much danger of either of the English parties granting Ireland such a measure.

If Mr. Healy wrote Parnell's speeches, as he claims, that may account for the falling off of the Irish leader's eloquence in the latter years of the agitation. When he spoke here, in 1879 80, Mr. Healy was not at his elbow, and he made excellent speeches. If Mr. Healy submitted to interviews in the name of Mr. Parnell, and if Mr. Healy gave out his own sentiments as those of his leader, he merely played a confidence game on the public. Taken all in all, Mr. Healy's Dublin speech will not raise him in the estimation of the true friends of Ireland.

SALISBURY SHOWS HIS TEETH.

Now that the "McCarthyite" secession from Mr. Parnell has, in part, accomplished its fell work in hopelessly dividing the Irish people both at home and abroad, the Marquis of Salisbury, England's prime minister, is again beginning to show the tiger claws, frequently sheathed in velvet, of the Cecil family—Ireland's traditional foes. The whole world, apparently, was satisfied, not very long ago, that the London *Times'* case against Mr. Parnell resulted in the thorough discomfiture of that truculent journal. THE CITIZEN thought at the time, and still thinks, that Mr. Parnell made a mistake in paying any attention to the charges, but, since he did pay attention to them, he won his battle, and, as far as honest men are concerned, there was an end of the charges as well as an end of some of their infamous authors. But the Marquis of Salisbury is not an honest man. Neither is he a generous one. He follows the old worldly maxim of "Kick him when he's down" in regard to Mr. Parnell, and, in this congenial policy, he has been greatly aided by the actions of a portion of Mr. Parnell's unthinking or ungrateful former followers, who have outstripped the English themselves in their mad desire to trample on the man who made them.

An immense meeting of English Tories, members of the Primrose League, which was organized in honor of the late Benjamin Disraeli, commonly called Lord Beaconsfield, was held in the Covent Garden Theatre, London, on Tuesday. Lord Salisbury was the principal orator of the occasion, and, among other things, he expressed himself as follows:

"'The present aspect of affairs was encouraging,' he said, 'but the Conservatives must not doff their armor. The Irish question was one which this generation must solve.' Lord Salisbury, however, did not believe that the coming general election would solve the question, adding that whichever way the election went he could promise that the other party would have no rest so far as the Irish question was concerned. (Great cheering.)

"Continuing Lord Salisbury said that, thanks to Mr. Balfour, there had been five years of resolute government in Ireland, which country was now enjoying a state of peace and prosperity which it had not known for years. 'The *Times*,' Lord Salisbury said, 'had done enormous service to the community at large, in showing Mr. Parnell's connection with the most violent Irish agitators.' The speaker also said that he would regard Mr. Parnell's success as one of the greatest blows which the empire could receive, and, he added, that the success of the anti-Parnellites would be no less injurious.

"'They knew,' said Lord Salisbury, 'that Mr. Parnell had the sympathy and that he received the money of American conspirators, while Mr. McCarthy, they were also aware, represented the secular efforts of some people who held high spiritual rank in the Romish church.' (Applause.)

"After the applause which his last remark called forth had subsided, Lord Salisbury said that he had not the slightest intention in anything he had said, of speaking indignantly of the Roman Catholics, but he desired to warn them of the dangers which arose from the ministers of any religion using their positions as religious teachers as a means of figuring as political leaders. (Cheers.)"

Will not the words of the Tory premier open the eyes of both the Parnell and McCarthy factions to the danger in which the cause of Ireland stands by reason of their factious insanity? The Marquis lashes both sides alike, because, like a true born English Tory, he hates both alike, and would willingly hang them all if he had a favorable opportunity. He threw a brick at the Catholic church, but, realizing that some of the Catholic dignitaries in Ireland and elsewhere have always been good friends of the English connection since its establishment, he took care to soften his remarks toward "Romanism" at the close. He doesn't want the Catholic clergy to interfere in Irish politics—of course not, unless they are on his side of the question. But every intelligent person knows that no English government, Whig or Tory, ever yet hesitated to make use of Rome against Ireland if their end could be accomplished by intrigue at the Vatican. If Lord Salisbury thought he could play the church against the cause of Ireland tomorrow he would not hesitate to do it. As it is, the world knows, or ought to know, that Salisbury's government is represented semi officially at the papal court in the person of a retired general of the British army.

THE JOCULAR CABLE LIAR.

Chicago's "d—d good natured friends" on this side of the ocean are doing their best to give her an unhealthy reputation in Europe. Subjoined are sample telegrams sent to the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, and other newspapers in Great Britain and Ireland, during the recent "la grippe" epidemic:

THE TERRIBLE RAVAGES OF LA GRIPPE IN CHICAGO.

THREE HUNDRED DEATHS IN ONE DAY.

EXCITING SCENES.

[*Reuter's Telegram.*]

CHICAGO, Tuesday—The ravages caused here by the epidemic of la grippe continue, and 300 deaths were recorded yesterday. Traffic in the streets leading to the graveyards was congested all day, and six hundred bodies are now awaiting burial. Hospitals are no longer able to admit patients, every inch of space being occupied.

[*Dalziel's Cablegram.*]

CHICAGO, Tuesday—The 300 deaths during the last twenty-four-hours supply the highest record since the commencement of the influenza epidemic. Yesterday three funeral processions became entangled in Warren avenue, and the greatest confusion ensued. Today the weather is rainy, though warm.

They may now add that it has become fashionable for corpses to drive travelers to the railroad depots, because a hack driver fell dead in his seat, while so engaged, last Saturday evening. The idea of funeral processions getting entangled on Warren avenue will make Chicagoans laugh, as well as the statement that traffic on the streets was congested because of their number. Live Chicagoans walk over people only half alive, not to speak of those actually dead, when business has to be attended to. The average sauntering Britisher who comes over here has his pantaloons half torn off by the "rush" and "push" of the Chicago "hustler," going it at the the double quick. We are a great people, whether healthy or dying off. Our enterprising undertakers wear cheerful faces during the harvest of mortality. "In the midst of death, we are in clover," is their motto. In fact, our Chicago undertakers would gladly struggle for a contract to bury all England if bids were opened for that purpose.

DEGENERACY OF THE BRITISH ARMY

The decomposition of the British army proceeds apace. Once upon a time it was, perhaps, the most thoroughly disciplined military body in the world, but that can be said of it no longer. Mutiny is not confined to any particular branch of the service, but the worst possible conduct, from the martial standpoint, has been displayed by the Grenadier Guards. One battalion of that famous regiment is now weeding onions in Bermuda, and another is speedily expected to follow. A dispatch from London, dated the 21st inst. says:

"The Third battalion of the Grenadier Guards, who are at present quartered at Chelsea barracks in this city, were ordered to parade in full marching order at eight o'clock this morning. The men, who have been in a sullen frame of mind for some time past, refused to obey this order. The argument of the non commissioned officers eventually had some effect upon the angry privates, and after a long period of waiting four companies of the Third battalion of Grenadier Guards straggled slowly and with every mark of outward discontent out upon the parade ground of Chelsea barracks. The remaining companies, however, refused to leave their rooms in the barracks.

"After further consultation among the Third battalion's officers, and after the officials of the war office had been notified of the occurrence, the oldest members of the more discontented portion of the battalion—the men having the longest terms of service—were placed under arrest, and an investigation into the cause of the mutiny was commenced in order that a preliminary report upon the subject may be placed before the Duke of Cambridge, the commander-in chief of the forces.

"The discontent has been growing for a long time past. The present mutineers, in explanation of their conduct, claim that the orders issued to them to parade in full marching order is an unprecedented step for their commanding officer to take upon a day when the battalion is called upon to mount guard at the palaces, etc. The men also declare that they have been long subjected to a series of excessively annoying drills for which there was no cause or reason. They assert that these alleged excessive drills were not ordered with the view of perfecting the battalion in military maneuvres or in the manual of arms, but the men say that these drills were ordered solely for the convenience of their officers, who are enabled to leave London to go to the country, travel on the continent, enjoy yachting and fishing excursions, hunting trips, and other similar relaxations, while the privates and noncommissioned officers of the battalions to which these officers belong remain in London and are subjected to excessive, tedious drills under the supervision of the less lucky or poorer officers who cannot avail themselves of luxurious outings.

"In addition the Grenadiers say that owing to the absence of their Second battalion in Bermuda all the recruits of the Grenadier Guards are sent to the First and to the Third battalions, thus necessitating continued extra drills and consequent hard work for large numbers of well trained, experienced soldiers, who might be spared this extra trouble and annoyance if their officers exercised a little more judgment and had a little more feeling for the men under their command. Ever since the Second battalion of the Grenadier Guards was exiled to Bermuda, and especially since the reports of the guards' good conduct in their place of exile have reached England, popular feeling has been almost entirely on the side of the guards."

The pay of a private in the English foot guards is 22 cents per day of our money. Out of this wretched sum he has to pay for extras of mess and clothing and has also to provide himself with the beer so indispensable to the average British defender of his country. The English guardsman is, in general, a fine physical specimen of the human race, tall, well limbed and comely of face. His moral qualities are not very well developed. The guardsman is the idol of the London house servant and nursemaid. His splendid frame and dashing uniform are simply irresistible with girls of that type, just as the officers of the guards are supposed to be the favored ones with the ladies of aristocratic birth and surroundings. Many of the English guards are, in a measure, "kept" by the women referred to, not, perhaps, in the immoral sense of that term, but as a matter of financial accommodation. Many of them marry the girls they "go with," as soon as the regulations permit them, and then both parties, together with the children born of the union, "plod on in sluggish misery" during the remainder of their lives. The wail of anguish that followed the Second battalion of the Grenadier Guards, when they were exiled to Bermuda, arose from wives, sweethearts, mistresses and offspring they were compelled, for the most part, to leave behind.

A man that enlists for a number of years at the rate of 22 cents per diem cannot be much of a man, according to the American idea, at least. Yet, having enlisted, it is, to the highest degree, unsoldierly to "boo-hoo" about excessive drilling, and things of that kind. What nice material the pampered Grenadiers would be for a tough campaign! One or two good marches would place fully half of them *hors de combat*, and, before a month, all that did not die of fatigue would cry out to be sent home again to London Town, where beer and lasses are plenty. A soldier who complains of too much drill is a weakling at best. He is a skulk and a good for nothing. If England can claim no better defenders than her Grenadier Guards, the days of her military supremacy are numbered. Commanded by debauched and effeminate officers, it is hardly wonderful that the men themselves have become debauched and effeminate. The English troops are becoming more and more like the debased legionaries of the latter days of the Roman Empire, who bore no more resemblance to the vanquishers of Carthage and the conquerors of the Gauls than the modern British do to the paladins of Agincourt and the victors of Waterloo.

BARBARITY IN INDIA.

The recent fierce outbreak of natives against British rule in Manipur, India, has been marked by revolting cruelty on both sides. It is now known that the British commissioner, Quinton, and the officers captured with him, were barbarously put to death, cut into small pieces and thrown over the city walls to feed the dogs, hogs and other animals. All this is very horrible, but the following statement, by the regent of Manipur, of previous cruelties practiced by the British on the natives, is quite as revolting. The letter opens by a description of the preparations made for the chief commissioner's reception. It states that on the arrival of the chief commissioner on the 22 1, the durbar was summoned; that the regent, with his brothers, attended, but as they were kept waiting an hour, Senapatti, being unwell, left; that his presence was demanded by the chief commissioner, but he was too ill to return and the chief commissioner thereupon refused to see the regent, who went back to the palace. The people, the letter adds, were much alarmed at the unwonted presence of troops at the durbar. It is not stated what took place on the 23 1. The regent goes on to say:

"On the early morning of the 24th troops killed the sentries and entered the palace where we were asleep. Our temple and idols were destroyed, women and children were murdered, houses were set on fire, and children taken by the hair and thrown into the flames. We endeavored to make peace to the last, but at length my people could no longer be controlled. Exasperated by cruelty they fought desperately in defense of their families and their religion. The fighting continued till next morning, with the result that many of my people perished, and the chief commissioner and political agent, with British officers and a few troops, were also killed. I deeply regret the sad event, but I was not the aggressor, as can be proved by the surviving troops and subjects of her majesty who are under my care here. The whole affair is due to the rashness and want of discretion of the British officers, and I am in no way accountable for it. I think my people were justified in fighting to defend their religion and their families."

The viceroy says that this account is entirely inconsistent with all that is known of the facts, and is plainly a story made up by the regent in order to shield himself. The same messenger brought a second letter from the regent acknowledging the demand of the government of India for the release of prisoners, and saying that all British subjects and captives were set at liberty before the receipt of the demand except a clerk and an interpreter. British officers are evidently not referred to here, so the viceroy fears that there is no doubt of the murders of Quinton, Grimwood, Skene, Cossins, Simpson and Melville.

It will be remembered that the Indian mutiny of 1857 was chiefly brought about by the cruelties practiced upon the people by the British troops, and the insults offered to the native soldiers in England's pay because of their religion. Nobody can justify the awful outrages perpetrated on women, children and other noncombatants by the revolted Hindoos, but nobody familiar with the domineering English character can doubt that great provocation was given.

NOTICE.

Mr. Matthew Griffin, traveling agent for THE CITIZEN, will call upon our subscribers in Milwaukee during this week and next. We bespeak for him a cordial reception.

A DISGRACEFUL EXHIBITION.

The conduct of the Healy brothers in openly taunting Mr. Parnell on the floor of the English house of commons cannot be excused. It was shameful. In his days of supreme power, Mr. Parnell may have been occasionally haughty and supercilious, but he never made such an exhibition of personal rancor, for the amusement of the common enemy, as some of his opponents have made. It is poor patriotism to get even with a personal enemy at the expense of one's country. What can the English think of such proceedings? They are a practical, country-loving people, and such outbursts of ill feeling on the part of the Irish members of their legislature simply begets contempt, and, in a fight such as Ireland has been making, the contempt of her national enemies is much more dangerous than their hatred. The latter feeling is a testimonial of involuntary respect—a respect which may become voluntary if those who struggle for their rights are finally successful; whereas contempt only indicates that the English mind is relieved of all anxiety on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. The Messrs. Healy have said enough against Mr. Parnell outside of the house of commons without seeking to degrade him before the alien assemblage which is mostly responsible for the follies and vices of a certain portion of our race.

A GREAT PHILOLOGICAL FEAT.

This seems to be the era of great new Gaelic scholars. They are springing up all around. But among them all the Rev. James Keegan, of St. Louis, is by far the most prominent. He has just performed one of the most extraordinary feats that ever was performed in a philological point of view; he has, after only a few years study of Gaelic, translated a mythic tale from the "Book of Leinster" which was never before translated, and which is written in perhaps the very oldest form of old Gaelic. The tale has recently been published in a St. Louis publication. In its completeness and thoroughness, it would do credit to a German professor; indeed it is hard to believe that even Windisch or Zimmer would be able to translate the "Restrictions and Obligations of Cuchullain" as well as Father Keegan has. The tale is half historic and half mythic. If it deals in the marvelous and incredible, and is of immense value inasmuch as it gives such a photographic picture of the ancient Irish heroic age. How Father Keegan acquired such a mastery of the language in so short a time can only be accounted for by midnight study and talents of the highest order.

THE boiler inspector has been cut down one half. The boilers of the city may now be expected to go up (in the air) one-half.

ARTHUR DIXON to Cullerton—"Say, Ed, here's a fine chance to make a reputation for reform and economy. Let's cut the oil and boiler artists one half." Ed to Arthur—"All right, Arthur, but we wouldn't do it on anybody we knew."

THE Cork *Herald* seems to be greatly troubled about "Mr. John F. Finerty's standing among Irish-Americans." Mr. Finerty's crime is that he is friendly to Parnell, to whom he is under no obligation whatever, either personal or political, which is more than can be said of most of the Irish leader's opponents. As far as Mr. Finerty's "standing" is concerned, he can never be lost sight of in any crowd of his countrymen. Nobody will have to hunt for him "like a needle in a bundle of hay." We give the *Herald* this information in very strict confidence.

SOME of the newspaper fellows who are criticising the oil inspectorship would burn up the town if they got possession of the office.

ARTHUR DIXON has become a great reformer. Arthur Dixon has made his pile. No other fellow must have a chance. Brother Dixon may now sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"TO THE victors"—but, stay, we forgot about Theodore Roosevelt.

DEAN SWIFT says in his proverbs—"When a true genius arises in this world, all the dunces are sure to be arrayed against him." How true this is in the case of Parnell and his enemies.

OFFICE hunting can hardly be called an evil, when we all practise it, from the president to the constable.

THE Chicago *Times* says that John F. Finerty made "a snug fortune" out of the oil office. John F. is glad to hear it, and much regrets that it was not "snugger." He advertised the office, anyhow, and made it dignified and respectable. Hence the rush for it at present.

MANY persons who did nothing to elect Mayor Washburne are now loudest in their demands for office under him.

PEOPLE who were never heard of during the recent campaign are now "prominently mentioned" for important office. Such is gall.

WAS WILLING TO AID THEM.

Parnell on the Charge That He Would Not Help the Evicted Tenants.

LONDON, April 12.—Parnell has given to the *Tribune* correspondent a copy of the following letter which will be printed in the *Freeman's Journal* tomorrow, concerning the charge of McCarthy that Parnell will not carry out the agreement for feeding the evicted tenants from the reserve fund in Paris:

DEAR SIR: I desire to recall to the recollection of your readers the correspondence published in your issue of March 7 between Mr. McCarthy and myself with reference to the application proposed by me of the Paris funds to the relief of the evicted tenants, especially to the passages in my letter to Mr. McCarthy of Feb. 28, and in his reply of March 2. In the former I had proposed that we should agree upon two members, one from among his colleagues and one from among mine, practically acquainted by experience in Ireland with the details of the situation, who could cooperate with us in continuing the system of relief hitherto adopted. Mr. McCarthy in his reply to this proposed arrangement said:

"You have made a practical proposal with which I am glad to deal."

After quoting the words of my letter indicated he would ask his colleagues for permission to agree to it. Over a month has elapsed, during which I have been daily expecting to hear from Mr. McCarthy on the result of his application to his colleagues. From another source I have been informed that his colleagues declined to give their assent to the proposed arrangement. Now what followed? Last week certain of McCarthy's colleagues, terming themselves the Council of the Tenant's Defense Association, held a meeting and without due notice adopted a resolution calling upon me to release the funds in Paris "in accordance with the arrangement arrived at." The persons who in this resolution speak of "the arrangement arrived at" knew perfectly well no arrangement had been arrived at, and were themselves responsible for frustrating the arrangement which I proposed, and which McCarthy had termed a "practical suggestion with which he would be glad to deal as soon as he received permission from his colleagues."

I shall not stop to characterize the duplicity of such conduct. It is entirely like the action of the seceders throughout, whereby they have constantly sought to make partisan capital for themselves out of the unhappy position of the evicted tenants, and have inflicted irretrievable damage upon their cause. Yours truly,

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

LONDON, April 13.—The members of parliament forming the McCarthyite section of the Irish party met today, and, after discussing the condition of the evicted tenants, decided upon a prompt renewal of the measures for the tenants' relief.

CORK, April 13.—At a meeting today of the Evicted Tenants Committee it was resolved to disclaim connection with either the National League or the National Federation, and to attend to their own interests and to endeavor to secure the benefits of the Land act. It was also decided to form an association to include every evicted tenant in Ireland.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. S. Eccleston Byrne is at present on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Whitty, of North Halsted street. Mrs. Byrne, formerly Miss Maggie Whitty, was one of the most popular young ladies of St. Vincent's parish, and carried to her beautiful Michigan home and new life the most cordial wishes of a large circle of devoted friends. She will remain in Chicago a few weeks.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health giving, blood purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

To and from Chicago to Europe in seven days via New York and Boston Limited—Lake Shore Route. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean Greyhounds," write or address J.D.O'Leary, Lake Shore office, 66 South Clark st, Sherman House.

THE BANNER OF THE BRAVE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Oh, let our trumpets gladly peal—our chorus rend the sky,
While heroes whom a world adored pass in a vision by;
The grizzly Sheiks on dauntless steeds, the Arabs, with their spears,
Who smote the Saxon in Soudan, the Frenchman in Algiers;
The sons of North America who with their sabres won
A charter for the Stars and Stripes 'neath grand old Washington!
Light be each sod, and green the sward above each glorious grave
Where sleeps the men who held on high the banner of the brave!
The banner of the brave—
The banner of the brave—
Who still were true in death unto the banner of the brave!

Yes, God be with those cavaliers, and blessings o'er and o'er!
Their names on many a classic page are hallowed evermore:
The Greeks who died in manly pride to burst the Moslem yoke;
The Wallcon and the Fleming who through Holland's cohorts broke;
The valiant tribes who held the pass with iron strength of soul,
And with their blades carved freedom's name upon thy crags, Tyrol!
No nobler men could glory give—no nobler glory gave
Than those who fell, still grasping well the banner of the brave!
The banner of the brave—
The banner of the brave—
The good old guard who held as ward the banner of the brave!

Bring laurels too to strew the slopes of Oulart's storied crest,
Deck many a grave in green Kildare, and kneel on Wicklow's breast;
Go wreath with fragrant summer flow'rs, the fairest from each lea,
Those ruins lone that mark the spot where Dunboy meets the sea;
For there—oh, there 'neath pillared crags beside the ocean deep,
Close to the waves in hallowed graves our trusted champions sleep—
The men who died, as heroes die, their native isle to save,
Those chiefs serene who made the green the banner of the brave!
The banner of the brave—
The banner of the brave—
Who proudly bore and ne'er forswore the banner of the brave!

It was not for a king they fought, nor for a paltry crown,
Nor yet to wrap the fields in flame or devastate a town;
No tyrants' tools were they, thank God! for, oh, each well-mailed hand
Could only strike for freedom's cause and for the motherland!
Salt of the very earth were they—those giant spirits fled,
The knights of human liberty, the good and saintly dead!
Their fame shall last for evermore, though rusty be each glaive
That flashed to shield on flood and field the banner of the brave—
The banner of the brave—
The banner of the brave—
The colors bright of truth and right, the banner of the brave!

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Dr. John J. Todd, of Omagh, denies emphatically that the people of Omagh are addicted to ether drinking. He says ether drinking has never existed in that neighborhood. He calls it an erroneous and slanderous charge.

The formation of the poor law boards in Mayo has undergone a little change by contested elections. Mr. James Daly was reelected chairman of the Castlebar board of guardians, and Messrs. A. C. Larminie and W. Nally were elected chairman and deputy vice chairman respectively. The vacancy in Ballina union, caused by the death of Sir C. Gore (late chairman), was filled by the election of Mr. J. Pratt. Mr. Peter J. Kelly, chairman of the Westport board of guardians, was unanimously reelected.

A very chaste and handsome memorial cross has been raised over the tomb of the late Mr. Charles O'Malley in the old church at Castlebar.

An old resident of Tuam—a member of the old stock of the town—Mr. Thomas Waldron, painter, has gone to his reward. After a long and exemplary life, fortified with the rites of holy church, he died on Tuesday morning, March 31, at the residence of Mr. J. A. O'Connor, St. Jarlath's place, Bishop street, and was buried in the new cemetery on April 1.

Mr. E Archbale has declined to contest North Fermanagh in the Tory interest, and it is stated that the Tory Unionist candidate will be Mr. R. M. Dane, B. L, of the northwest bar.

The Rev. Father McKenna, P. P., of Donagheady, passed away on Saturday, March 27, full of years and honor. He had attained the great age of 90 years.

The grocery and spirit store of Mr. McCarthy, Main street, Fethard, was entirely destroyed by fire on April 2.

The Rev. Jeremiah Ambrose, C. C., Fedamore, died at the residence of Dr. John M. Ambrose, Newcastle West. The deceased clergyman was only thirty years of age. High mass was celebrated at the Catholic church on Monday. There were about twenty priests present. The funeral cortege started immediately afterwards, and the large attendance of the general public testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held.

The lord chief justice at Cork assizes reversed the decree given in favor of Mr. Tom Barry, P. L G, Kilavullen, against District Inspector Ball, of Fermoy, for assault, when he attempted to reach a train by passing a police cordon.

At a meeting of the Newtownards union on Saturday, Mr. James Boyd, of Ballywalter, was elected chairman, and Mr. Alexander Murdoch, of Comber, vice chairman for the ensuing year.

Gurteen, near Boyle, was the scene of a very successful Parnellite meeting recently. The principal speaker was Mr. E. Leamy, M. P. The assembly was also addressed by Messrs. A. M'Elroy, Protestant home ruler; E. Cunningham, Boyle; Rafferty, Ballaghaderin, etc. Boyle sent a large contingent, headed by a brass band. Contingents also came from Ballaghaderin, Roosky and other places. The demonstration was the most successful held in Gurteen for many years. Its success was mainly due to Mr. Hyland and members of the local branch of the National League.

Mr. G. Newenham Kelly, C. E., late chief engineer of the Midland Great Western railway and the Royal Canal company, has been appointed chief engineer to the important drainage works on the river Suck. There was a large number of competitors, but Mr. Kelly's experience, coupled with his high qualifications, carried the majority of the board with him.

At an examination in the Royal College of Surgeons, session of 1890 and 1891, Mr. J. J. O'Donnell, son of Mr. John O'Donnell, Market street, Sligo, took second place and prize in descriptive, answering, being beaten by only one point for first place.

A sad shooting fatality is reported from Lismore. A steward named Mara, in the employment of Mr. R. H. Woodroffe, J. P., of Ballysagartmore, near that place, accidently pulled the trigger of a loaded gun, and the contents lodged in his side. The man shortly afterwards died.

The fair announced to be held at Kilmihill, county Clare, was practically boycotted, the farmers driving their stock to Cloneroddan, where a fair was held. This action was due to the announcement that the collection of tolls would be enforced by Col. O'Callaghan, landlord of the Kilmihill property.

Mr. Thomas Griffin, of Cloonana, parish of Inagh, a well known compaigner, died suddenly while returning from Ennis with some friends. He leaves a young wife and family.

The sisters of the Presbyterian convent, Oranmore, have begun to prepare for their annual bazaar, but have no funds to procure the necessary prizes.

At a meeting of the Oldcastle board of guardians on Monday, the three outgoing chairmen—Messrs. L. Fitzsimmons, M. Owens and John Ball—were unanimously reelected.

At Glin Messrs. Wm. E O'Brien, chairman; James Hogan, vice chairman; and Francis Fitzgerald, deputy vice chairman, were unanimously reelected.

Mr. James W. Fair, clerk of peace for the county of Roscommon, was accidentally killed on March 28, in the yard at the rear of his house, 104 Pembroke road, Dublin. Mr. Fair was about to mount his horse in the stableyard, when the animal reared up an threw him backwards, the back of his head coming violently in contact with the ground. Dr. Chapman, who lives close by, was sent for, and on examining Mr. Fair found life extinct.

The death of Dr. James E. Turner, of Tuam, occurred on March 29, at the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Dublin.

Dr. C. S. Blake, of Headford, and Dr. T. Costelloe, of Clifden, are mentioned as candidates for the vacancies caused in the Tuam union by the death of Dr. Turner.

The board of guardians at Clifden, at a recent meeting, increased the salary of Dr. Costelloe, medical officer of the Lettermore district of that union.

At the Bandon quarter sessions there was no criminal business on the calendar, and County Court Judge Ferguson was presented with white gloves. Addressing the grand jury he said it was a remarkable incident and a satisfactory one that in the neighboring division of Macroom a similar presentation was made him at the last quarter sessions, and also in the Bantry division last year. This was chiefly owing he said to the inherent good disposition and genial kindheartedness of the people. A better class of people than the people of the county Cork, especially the inhabitants of the western portion, could not be found.

Mr. Patrick Tobin, of Main street Carrick-on-Suir, died very suddenly on Good Friday.

On the 6th inst., the foundation stone of the new parochial house for the clergy of St. John's parish, Limerick, was laid by Rev. Dr. Dwyer.

Two men named John and Patrick Guerin have been arrested by the Blackboy police at Limerick, on a charge of being concerned in an assault on James Sheedy, of Ballysheedy. It appears a row occurred, and sheedy got one of his eyes so badly injured that he had to be detained in Barrington's hospital. The accused was remanded to the county petty sessions.

The obsequies of the late Rev. John Griffin, C. C., took place on April 3, in Tralee.

Rev. R W. O'Kane, C. C., Tralee, has been transferred to Currans, vice Rev. Father Scannell, C. C, who goes to Ferriter. Father Scanlon, C. C., O'Dorney, replaces Rev. P. Brown, C. C., in Dromtariffe, and Father Brown goes to O'Dorney.

WANTS A NEW PARTY.

[To the Editor.]

SIR: It is clearly the duty of Americans not to give countenance or money to either of the factions that are disgracing Ireland and ruining her cause. Irish-Americans, as neutrals, command the situation. Arbitration would be futile; but our duty is to judge both factions and condemn what is unpatriotic or detrimental in either. Because Parnell was the most available Irishman, he was recognized as our leader. When his availability ceased he became an obstacle. Had he seen this and temporarily retired, he would have preserved his dignity and been a tremendous possibility as a future leader. But he has acted so as to justify those who deposed him, and has rendered his restoration impossible except in the event of a revolution. The Parnell legend is shattered and the idol is broken! But this judgment of Parnell is not an approval of his opponents. Justin McCarthy and Healy can never take the place held by Parnell. That is certain. The manner of the deposition of Parnell is a precedent fatal to loyalty, mutual confidence, discipline and unity. It will react upon its authors. The independence of the Parliamentary party—which is of more moment than its members or unity—is a thing of the past. The McCarthyites, having no other office than to be the tail of the Liberals, should and will join that party fully, and should look to the Reform club in future for their election expenses. If they had had any foresight or anticipation of the trend of public opinion in England, they would not have brought matters to this disastrous ending. Such blindmen are unfit to lead or represent intelligent Irishmen. And the unpardonable offence of the scenes of Dublin, Kilkenny and Sligo must be placed to the account of the anti-Parnellites as by them provoked in their attempts to crush Parnell and achieve "unity" by the insane and scandalous operation of stamping out anti Gladstonism. History's lessons remind us of similar revolts against O'Connell and O'Mahony—always resulting in injury to Ireland and the amusement of the enemy. The Parnell revolt puts an end to parliamentary agitation for Home Rule. It is wise to admit that the Home Rule business is dead, and to hurry on the formation of a new party with a new policy to take its place. Parnell's parthian arrow proved that Gladstone does not intend to give Ireland any self government worthy the name. McCarthy has not influence enough to get the Liberals to promise any improvement on the measure of 1886, which was inadequate and unsatisfactory.

The intellect of Ireland is just now beclouded by passion, and Americans are more favorably circumstanced for judging the situation calmly, treating it sensibly, devising a remedy, and recommending this remedy to Ireland with all the influence that our command of resources and our disinterested loyalty to her cause should give us. The duty of the hour is, first, to hold a conference of ten or twelve select, leading Irish-Americans to consider the situation and create a new organization to promote Irish autonomy. Then, a platform with few planks, relating to essential matters only, should be adopted, and this should be recommended to Ireland, while the organization should be propagated on both sides of the Atlantic. Finally an American fund should be created to aid the objects of the organization. Something like this will be inevitable sometime, why not commence at once instead of after an interreguum of disgraceful faction fighting? It has been remarked that Irishmen are very active in the speculative stage of a national movement, but always shrink from doing any practical constructive work. Once for all, let us break with this faltering habit and do something, and do it now!

W.

CORNER-STONE LAID.

The corner stone of the church of St. Elizabeth, patron saint of feminine charities and long suffering, was laid at the corner of Wabash avenue and Forty-first street, last Sunday afternoon, with all the pomp and circumstances of the Roman ritual. After the performance of the function, including the blessing and actual laying of the chief stone of the temple, with the impressive procession about the walls, the clergy, followed by Archbishop Feehan and his train of acolytes, reentered the partially constructed building, singing the "Veni Creator." Rev. C Splinter, O.P., the preacher of the day, delivered a brilliant sermon upon the church. Dwelling with close, scholastic logic upon its infallibility, he said, among many other things: "The church is accused by its enemies of being hostile to public institutions. It should be asserted on its behalf it has always conserved them and that to its influence more than any one cause is to be attributed their present existence. What the church does quarrel with is the education of the intellect without any corresponding training of the will. Where the mind is filled with knowledge and the heart with piety will be found the best citizen."

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN'S REMARKS

Following him, Archbishop Feehan made a felicitous and congratulatory address. He said: "I have but little to add to the beautiful words that are yet ringing in your ears. I have to congratulate you all upon the great event of this day, and to lay a cornerstone of a new temple to God is a great religious event. It is another proof of the strength of the church in this new land where we all find so happy a home. I am sure that you all feel great joy on occasions of this kind where the hopes of years are brought to a successful conclusion. It is, indeed, pleasant to see church after church springing up in all parts of our beautiful city. Another glorious place of worship erected by the Catholic people is not only a testimony of their faith but an ornament to the place we call our home. The great attendance of the people upon occasions like the Easter services and these public dedications is an added proof of their interest in Catholic institutions. We have today met and heard what our fathers a thousand years ago heard to their edification. A thousand years hence your children will be hearing the same service from priests clad in the same garments. I congratulate you again upon the favorable conditions that attend the first official function of your new church and hope to see this handsome edifice finished by your generosity."

THOSE PRESENT.

Assisting the archbishop were the vicar general, D. M. J. Dowling; the deacon, Rev. Hugh McGuire; subdeacon, Rev. Edward Dunne, and master of ceremonies, Rev. P. Muldoon. From the religious orders were present: Rev. Messrs. Albrecht, O S.B; H. Crevier, O.S., and C. Splinter, O. P. The regular clergy in attendance, in addition to those named, were the Revs. J. Castan, J. Carroll, F. Hennebery, M. J. McNamee, M. Van de Laar, E. Alyward, A. Tolton, J. Green, D. J. Reardon, T. Cashman, T. Galligan, D. Egan, T. Ryan, A. Bergeron, A. Thiele, J. F. Flood, J. Waldron, E. Kelly, B. Murray, D. Tighe, J. McGarick, T. Butler, D.D., J. Detmer, T. Feeley, and John Dunne.

The building of the church began July 11, 1890, and will proceed rapidly to completion. The structure is of Norman renaissance style and will be an ornament to that portion of the city. After the ceremony a collation was provided for the visiting clergy in the rectory adjoining the church.

THE magnificent display of the season's novelties in the windows of Messrs. P. F Ryan & Co., is but a foretaste of the beautiful things to be had in the store. Crowds daily flock there, seeing that for variety, prices and quality of the goods, Messrs. Ryan & Co. offer inducements equal, if not superior, to any down town dry goods house.

OBITUARY.

MR. DENNIS O'SULLIVAN.

Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan, one of the best known Irish-Americans of this city, died at his residence, Wabash avenue, near Eighteenth street, last Monday. He had been ill less than a week when he succumbed to the prevailing malady, acute pneumonia. Mr. O'Sullivan came to this country at an early age. In his prime he was a splendid specimen of Celtic manhood. His health had been on the decline for a few years preceding his death. Mr. O'Sullivan was twice candidate for the office of alderman in his ward, but failed of election by small margins. He was a man of great personal popularity, and was as kind hearted and liberal a soul as ever lived. He leaves a widow and several children in fairly comfortable circumstances. The funeral occurred on Wednesday morning from the residence to St. John's Catholic church, and was very largely attended. The interment was at Mount Olivet. Mr. O'Sullivan was a member of several benevolent societies, and those attended the obsequies in a body.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BYRNE—At No 90 Lower Gardiner street, Dublin, Mrs. Mary Byrne, at an advanced age.

COLLINS—March 31, at Monkstown avenue, Dublin, Miss Catherine Collins, formerly of Tuam, Galway.

HEALY—Miss Honoria Healy late of North Frederick street, Dublin, and formerly of Tralee, daughter of the late Thomas Healy, architect.

HILL—March 30, at Mountain View avenue, Haroldscross, Elizabeth Hill, widow of John Hill.

HOLBROOK—March 21 at Celbridge county Kildare, Alicia Hamilton, youngest daughter of Thomas H and Mary Holbrook.

KILBRIDE—March 31, at No. 6 Bay view, Irishtown, Dublin, Miss B. Kilbride, aged 47 years.

NELIGAN—March 26, at the Loretto convent, Killarney, Margaret, only child of the late W. T. Neligan, solicitor, Denny street, Tralee, aged 7 years.

ROONEY—March 30, at Hilltown, Clonsilla, John Rooney, aged 53 years.

WYNNE—March 31, at Armagh, Mrs. Kate Wynne, relict of the late James Wynne.

MAHON—March 27, at Eyrecourt, Thomas Mahon, aged 65 years.

MALONE—March 27, at Kildare, Denis Malone, aged 57 years.

BOURKE—March 19, at Kanturk, John Bourke.

CRONIN—March 18, at No. 2 Evergreen road, Dublin, Daniel Cronin, aged 42 years.

LUCY—March 17, at Derrymaleen, Inchigeela, Macroom, Daniel Lucy, at an advanced age.

MURPHY—March 21, at Tallow Bridge House, Tallow, county Waterford, Michael Murphy, aged 62 years.

O'GRADY—March 22, at Kilmallock, Bride, daughter of Maurice O'Grady.

UPINGTON—Jan. 27, at Fort Salisbury, Mashonaland, South Africa, John Upington, second son of the late Samuel Upington, of Disleigh, Mallow.

FOSTER—March 28, Isabella, widow of the late Frederick John Foster, D.L., of Ballymascanlan House, Dundalk.

NOBLE—March 28, at Mountainstown House, Navan, Hugh Noble, aged 73 years.

WYNNE—March 31, at Armagh, Mrs. Kate Wynne, relict of the late James Wynne, and daughter of the late Mr. Larkin, formerly Excise officer, Drogheda.

BURKE—March 28, at No 34 Haddington road, Dublin, Helen, widow of the late Edmund Burke, J.P., of Tyaquin, Co. Galway.

COSTELLO—March 31, at Galway road, Tuam, Thomas Costello, aged 93 years.

DALY—March 27, at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Ballinasloe, Sister M. Magdalen Daly, daughter of the late Henry De Burgh Daly, of Cooliney, Loughrea.

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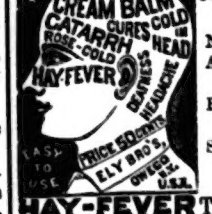

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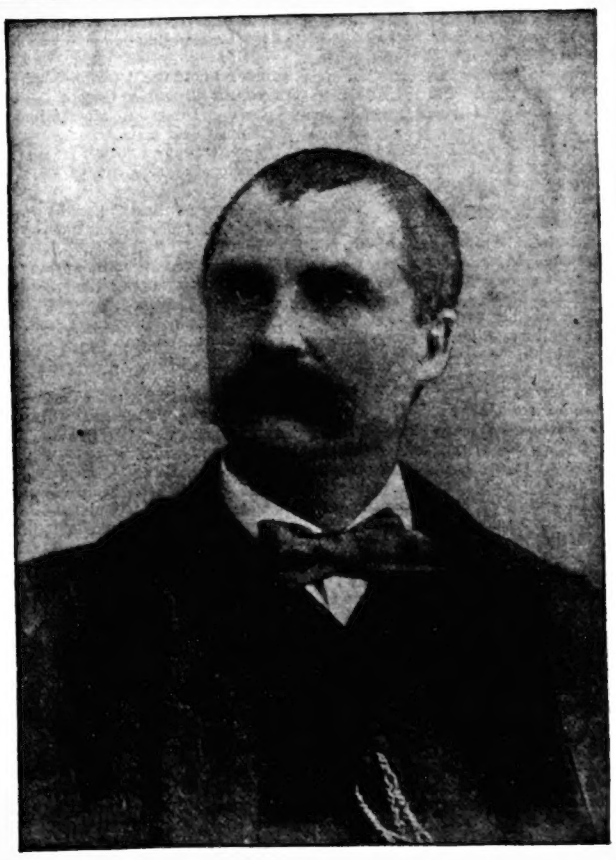

John Boyle O'Reilly

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OF LIFE, POEMS AND SPEECHES OF
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY,
BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE,
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164-168 RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

EMBARRASSMENT.

Gaunt wreckers watch the wintry coast at night;
The tempest rages in the outward gloom;
Rough men are praying unto God to doom
A vessel struggling with the ocean's might.
Crowded and kneeling in supreme affright
Upon the fated ship, a floating tomb,
Vast helpless throngs are seen where lightnings lume,
Beseeching God for salvatory light!
And he in highest heaven doth hear these prayers,
Offered by every soul with voice sincere,
Who for his sentence in distraction waits,
And he, environed by a million cares,
Looks on the scene of triumph and of fear,
Uplifts his judging hand, and hesitates!
—Francis S. Saltus.

A STRANGE PASSENGER.

When my packet ship, the Hermione, was preparing to sail from Liverpool for New York I was warned to take precautions against receiving as passenger a certain Mary Youngson, who, while nursing her sick husband—a man considerably her senior—had poisoned him to death, laid hold of all the money and valuables she could get and then had made off. It was thought that she would try to leave England on some outward bound ship—most likely for America, where she had friends—and therefore I sharply scrutinized the passengers, eight in number, who were brought off to my vessel in a tender.

As they stepped aboard I was relieved to perceive that none of them tallied with the description I had obtained of Miss Youngson, who, I was told, was a beautiful woman, over thirty-five years of age, about 5 feet 6 inches in height and very sleuder, with brown hair, dark eyes and a clear complexion. She had been born and educated abroad, but her father had been an Englishman and an amateur actor, from whom she had inherited a remarkable capacity for deceiving people as to her character.

Two of the female passengers who now came aboard were married ladies, and of dark complexion. There were also two young women of about twenty-one; one a Miss Lorton, plain and stout; the other, Miss Merwin, slender and tall, apparently not less than 5 feet 9 inches, with the most childish, innocent looking face, for one of her age, that I ever saw. She had brown hair and eyes, small, babylike features, and smooth, glowing cheeks, which were constantly dimpled with smiles. As she slightly lifted her long skirt we saw that instead of shoes or boots she wore ornamented buskins of some kind of soft leather, which made no noise when she walked. Afterward we heard that she wore them because she had lately sprained her feet and could not yet bear harder leather.

From the first I could see that my son Tom, a young man of twenty-five, and chief officer, was greatly impressed by this girl.

He had always liked tall women, and anything "babyish" in their looks or manners particularly pleased him. Still, I was surprised at the end of one short week after we sailed to learn that he had actually proposed to her and been accepted.

"She is so artless, so ingenuous, so free from guile of any kind," said he, "that you can read her heart at once! We are to be married on coming back to Liverpool at the house of her aunt, who is expecting her. With her usual childish frankness she informed me that, although having a small fortune in three per cents. left to her by her father, who was a merchant, she is at present short of cash which would hinder her from purchasing, on landing, certain little articles she desired toward a wedding outfit. I was so touched by her shy, infantile way, blended with timid distress at having to tell me this, that I at once went to my room and procured the $5,000 United States bond, which you know I lately bought with my savings, and gave it to her, telling her where she could get it cashed, and bade her then take out of it whatever she needed."

"Why, Tom, you don't say so?" I cried, rather startled.

"Of course," he answered. "Why not? We are engaged, and it ought to be the same about money matters as if we were married."

He went below, and I sat long in the clear moonlight, thinking it over in as a hasty, foolish piece of business, when suddenly I was startled by the cry of the lookout forward.

"Sail, ho! right ahead!"

The stranger—a large ship—put her helm a-port, so I had no doubt she would pass us safely enough; but as she was going by, her helmsman raising his wheel too soon, her bow swung off, and her jibboom caught under my spanker sheet, lifting the spar and snapping it off with a crash.

There was noise and confusion as we worked briskly to keep the two vessels apart and prevent further damage, in the midst of which several of the passengers came running up, somewhat frightened, to find out what the matter was.

"It is nothing; we are all right now!" I cried, to reassure them, as the other ship swung clear of us.

Miss Merwin had emerged from the companionway after the others, and as I looked toward her form, distinctly revealed by the moonlight and one of the lanterns, I stood stock still in the utmost astonishment, for, as true as I am a living man, her stature now seemed at least three inches shorter than I had hitherto seen it.

I was the only one who noticed her at that time, and on meeting my gaze she drew back as quick as a flash and vanished in the cabin.

The strange phenomenon I had witnessed for a moment almost took away my breath. My whole mind was fixed upon this one thing, and when my son came up a few hours later to take the deck I described the singular change I had noticed in Miss Merwin's stature.

He stared at me at first as if he thought me mad, then broke out into an incredulous laugh, saying that my eyes or the imperfect light must have deceived me.

I knew better, however; but finding I could not convince him I told him to wait until the young lady should appear at breakfast in the morning, when he might see for himself.

Two hours later the second mate came up to relieve Tom, who then went below. The officer, seeing me seated in a reverie on the quarter deck, walked amidships, where he stood looking carelessly forward.

All at once, judge of my surprise when, on raising my head, I beheld, leaning against the rail near me, a person I had never seen before—a slender, middle aged man, of rather low stature, with hair covering nearly every part of the face excepting the eyes, which glittered like fireballs in the moonlight!

"Why, halloa! Who are you? Where did you come from?" I cried.

"Pray don't excite yourself," he cooly answered. "I am a detective, and got aboard in the harbor through the connivance of one of your crew—I am not going to tell you which one—who also supplies me with food. I have been all along in the stateroom next to Miss Merwin's, with my carpetbag. Had you looked in the room you would have seen me, but you probably missed the key, or thought it was lost."

"That is true; but"——

"Here is my warrant," he interrupted, handing me a paper, which, on reading it by the lantern's light, I perceived was a signed document, apparently from the proper authorities, instructing John Clews, the bearer, a detective, to conceal himself aboard the Hermione and act as he might see fit in his endeavor to detect the murderess, Miss Youngson, who it was suspected was a passenger in disguise aboard the vessel.

"She is here," was his confident reply when I remarked that there must be some mistake. "I have not watched through the hole I bored in the partition for nothing."

"Why, man!" I cried, aghast, "she cannot be the guilty one. She is innocence itself—as artless as a child. Besides, she is very tall and young, whereas I have been told that the murderess was much shorter and nearly twice as old."

He laughed in a way which to me was indescribably disagreeable.

"It is not Miss Merwin I allude to," he said. "You will remember that the stateroom of Miss Lorton is also next to mine."

"What!" I exclaimed, almost as much surprised as before, "you suspect that stout young lady who?"——

"I don't suspect," he interrupted; "I know her to be the criminal."

"But she is young, plain and stout; the accused woman was slender"——

"Bah!" he again interrupted. "Disguise! That will explain all. It is easy for a woman of that kind to make herself look younger and stouter than she really is. Should we fall in with a good Liverpool bound ship I shall arrest this woman and take her on board of it with me. I will go back to my room now. You may or may not see me again before we sight a home bound craft."

With that he glided like a shadow into the cabin.

"Now, then, I had something to keep me awake, to drive all thoughts of turning in from my mind. So, after all, that woman, that terrible murderess, was aboard my ship!

I commenced to walk the deck in no pleasant frame of mind, and the morning light stole around me before I was aware that the hour was so late.

When breakfast was ready in the cabin Miss Merwin was absent from her accustomed place at the table. During the progress of the meal I looked more than once at Miss Lorton—the stout young lady who, the detective had positively asserted, was Mary Youngson, the poisoner.

The quiet dignity and composure of her manner, the frank, honest expression of her face, and its undeniable plainness, seemed to me so natural, so real, that I marveled how the detective contrived to penetrate through so perfect a disguise.

Feeling tired out after breakfast I slept until near noon.

When I went on deck Tom was superintending the repairing of the spanker boom.

"It is very strange," he said to me uneasily, "Miss Merwin has not yet shown herself."

The day wore on without our seeing her. Even at supper time she did not make her appearance.

Tom looked pale and concerned. Finally he went and knocked at her door, calling her name. There was no response.

"I do not know what to make of it," he said to me on deck. "Oh, father!" he added wildly, "is it possible she can have suddenly died?"

"I don't think so," I answered; "she seemed to be in good health"—and then thought to myself, "Were it not that we are where we are, and she a different sort of person, I might suspect that she had absconded with your money."

As night approached her non-appearance excited general comment, and I was advised to break open the door, which was locked. I did so, and we found her room empty. Her trunk was still there, but she was gone.

My son looked at me as pale as death.

"My God! what can have become of her?" he groaned.

In fact, it certainly was a very peculiar case, and coupled with my previous observation of the strange shortening of the woman's stature it seemed to me to partake almost of the supernatural.

"May she not have gone on deck last night and fallen overboard?" inquired one of the passengers.

"Impossible!" I answered. "It was clear moonlight. I was on deck all night, and besides, I had good lookouts posted about the ship. The thing could not have happened unknown to us."

We looked to see if we might not find a note or something explanatory, but in vain.

Then I ordered a thorough search to be made throughout the ship. This was done; but no, she was not to be found, though every nook and corner was looked into.

Then it occurred to me to speak to the detective about it, and as soon as I could do so unobserved I knocked at his door. He cautiously opened it, but on seeing who was there he invited me in.

I told him what had happened, not even omitting to mention the sudden change I had previously noticed in the young lady's height. As I proceeded I observed that his keen eyes seemed to grow larger, while the thick beard that covered the face of this singular man kept twitching, as if every hair was instinct with life.

"Give me time," he said solemnly, when I had finished, "and I will solve this mystery. In a few days I may be able to do it—perhaps not for a week."

I left him and went on deck. Tom was there, looking so downcast and forlorn that I resolved to acquaint him with the presence of the detective, and tell him what he said, and so, perhaps, brighten him up a little.

I did so, but my words had an effect I had not expected. Reflecting a moment, he cried out: "Father, I believe that man is a humbug! But whether he be a detective or not, I now suspect that he is a thief and a murderer; that he knew of Miss Merwin's having that $5,000 bond, and that in order to possess himself of it he has killed her and thrown her body overboard!"

I stared at him in amazement, and told him I feared that his grief had disturbed his reason. How was it possible, I asked him, that the man could have got the body overboard without our knowing it?

"He could have choked her to death, carried her to one of the open cabin windows, and dropped her through that," he replied.

"Impossible," I answered, "without the splash being overheard by the man at the wheel, or by some one on deck. Besides, I doubt if he could have squeezed the body through either of our cabin windows, which, you know, are very small."

Tom, however, seemed to think it could have been done, owing to Miss Merwin being so slender, and in spite of all my efforts, I could not entirely rid his mind of that horrible idea.

Days passed, for we had headwinds, which kept us off our course; but as yet the detective had nothing to tell me, though he said he soon might be able to explain the whole affair.

A strange affair enough. Never before had I such an experience, or anything approaching to it, in any craft I commanded. The passengers were equally puzzled; it was the talk of all aboard the ship. As for Tom, he grew paler, thinner, wilder every day. At last, one afternoon, when we had entered St. George's channel, he came up to me and said, in a husky voice: "It is as I thought! Quick! I have something to show you! Make no noise!"

I followed him. We both wore light slippers, and without noise entered the room Miss Merwin had occupied. He pointed to a crevice, which he had evidently made in the partition, and looking through it I saw the detective in the next apartment, kneeling by his open carpet bag, from which now protruded the identical buskins—I could not mistake them—which Miss Merwin had worn. Spread out before him he held a $5,000 bond—evidently the one which my son had given to the young lady!

"You see," he whispered. "Was I not right? He has murdered and robbed her!"

Low as the whisper was the man evidently heard it, for he pushed the buskins, and after them the bond, hastily down into the bag, which he then closed.

Before I could hinder him Tom rushed out and threw himself against the detective's door with a force which broke the lock and admitted him into the room. He flew at the man, clutched him and shook him, when the fellow drew a dirk, but in his futile struggles to use it—for I held his wrist and soon disarmed him—his beard fell off, showing it was a false one, and at the same time his shirt bosom was torn away about the throat. Then both Tom and I uttered a simultaneous cry of surprise on perceiving that this pretended detective was a woman over thirty-five years of age—or, in other words, it was Miss Merwin herself deprived of the cosmetics and other appliances which had, while in the natural attire of her sex, made her look so much younger than she was.

The whole truth broke upon me at once. This woman I suspected was in reality Mary Youngson, the murderess, for her face and height now answered to the description I had of her, and we found, while looking for my son's bond in her carpet bag, some articles bearing her name, and others marked with that of her victim. In fact, afterward, while ill, she confessed to being Mary Youngson.

Her motive in disguising herself was apparent. She had feared, after I discovered the strange shortening of her stature, that I might suspect who she really was; and besides, the ruse would, she thought, enable her the better to escape from Tom and get off with his $5,000. The mystery of her having as Miss Merwin looked so much taller than she really was we found explained by her buskins, which proved, like those sometimes worn by actors on the stage, to be provided with very thick cork soles, to give an appearance of elevation to the stature.

On the night she so astonished me by the difference in her height she had, in her hurry and alarm, come up in her slippers, having forgotten to put on her buskins.

It is hardly necessary to say that the detective's warrant she had shown me was forged, written by herself; nor scarcely need it be mentioned that Tom was now disgusted with this woman and entirely cured of his infatuation.

Subsequently she died of a malignant fever while being conveyed a prisoner back to England—thus escaping the punishment she so richly merited for her odious crime, although there were not wanting those who stoutly maintained that the charge had by no means been conclusively brought home to her. However, after occupying the public mind for more than the proverbial nine days, the "Youngson Case," as it was called, gave place to a fresher sensation.—Edward Heins in New York Press.

A Change.

"Are the surface cars still running?"

"Oh, no. They stopped running ages ago. They creep now."—Munsey's Weekly.

HIS OCCUPATION GONE.

NOWADAYS THERE IS VERY LITTLE FOR A SCOUT TO DO.

The Railroad and the Telegraph Have Taken Away His Avocation—Importance of the Scout of Former Times—His Wonderful Eyesight—Indian Trails.

The scout of the frontier is like the typical cowboy—a mythical personage in these days of steam and electricity. The recent Indian war was conducted without him, and the travelers on the prairies do not need his services. Trailing is as much an art as is painting or sculpture, and almost as few become proficient in it as in the handling of brush or chisel.

It is impossible to realize nowadays the importance of a scout of former times. No party dared cross the plains alone without a professional trailer to lead it, and no marauding band of Indians or whites could be overtaken unless they were tracked across the boundless wastes of sod.

A traveler across the plains of New Mexico relates to the writer that one day while riding with a guide he stopped and pointed to a clear and well defined bear's track in the sand.

The guide looked at it attentively a moment, then, without dismounting, declared: "You are mistaken; it is not a bear's track."

"Isn't it?" said the American. "Then I never saw one."

"Yes, you have seen many, but this isn't one."

Quickly alighting, the American pointed out the heel and toes of the track as clear and well defined as if made a few minutes before.

"Well," said the guide, "if it does look like a bear's track, still it isn't one. The marks you imagine to be the heels and toes are made by those spires of grass, which, bent by the wind, scoop out the sand in the manner you see.

"You ought to have seen that yourself," he went on, "but you didn't stop to think. You Americans never do. Americans travel with their eyes shut and their mouth open. An Indian or Mexican will travel all day without speaking a word to any one unless absolutely necessary, but nothing escapes his observation, while an American will talk continuously and see nothing but the general features of the country through which he travels."

The guide was probably right, for few Americans become adepts at trailing either men or animals across the plains of the west.

FOLLOWING A TRAIL.

It is impossible to learn the art from books, though there are a few general rules which can be observed. For instance, every scout knows that to overtake a party which has perhaps run off some stock, provisions must be taken to last several days; that the start must be made slowly and the course followed persistently and at a moderate pace, giving the horses the nights to rest in and start at daylight in the mornings.

Then, when the pursuers come near the pursued, it is the scout's business to tell the number and condition of the enemy, and how many hours have elapsed since they passed the spot on which you are standing, for it may become necessary for you to remain concealed until you decide upon the manner of attack, for if the party be made up of Indians they will scatter before you can capture them.

Again, any scout can tell whether the trail be that of a war party or not, because no Indians take their families with them on the warpath; hence no lodge poles drag behind the ponies. If there is no trace of these it is safe to consider that a war party is on the rampage.

One of the difficult things to determine is the age of the trail, and to do it correctly requires much practice. If the track is very fresh it will show moisture where the earth is turned up, which after a few hours becomes dry. Should rain have fallen the edges will be less clear and will be washed down somewhat.

The expert Mexican scout can tell by a glance what tribe of Indians has made a given trail, its age, and every particular about it as truthfully as though he had himself seen the cavalcade pass.

A party following an Apache trail during the Indian difficulties of 1883 suddenly came to a ledge of bare rock. The officers of the troops examined it carefully, but could see nothing to indicate where the tribe had gone. But the scout led them for two miles across it as unerring as though the trail had been made in heavy grass.

KEEN EYESIGHT.

When asked what told him the way, he called attention to the fine moss which covered the rock, and that by close scrutiny gave evidence of having been pressed by the foot, an indication so slight that it would have been passed unnoticed by ninety-nine out of a hundred, yet his keen eye detected every footprint as easily as could be wished.

In the grass a trail can be seen for a long time, as the blades will be bent in the direction followed by the party, and even after it has recovered its natural position an expert trailer will detect a slight difference in the color of the grass that has been stepped on and that growing around it.

So the appearance of the tracks will also show him the gait at which the party was traveling, and he thus knows how to regulate his pace in order to overtake it.

It is rare to find a white person who can retrace his steps for any great distance in the open country, but it is simply impossible to lose an Indian. No matter how circuitous the route by which you have reached a certain place the Indian will find his way back to the place of starting by the most direct route, and without hesitating for a moment which course to pursue.

If you ask him how he does it he may possibly shrug his shoulders and reply, "Quien sabe?" or "Who knows?" though the chances are that he will not reply at all. No matter how affable and entertaining he may prove in camp, he will talk little while en route.—Chicago Herald.

SMELLING AT THE CORK.

The smell of the cork won't cure you. Rest assured of that, Madam. That's common sense in a nutshell. Do not take a dose or so of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and expect to feel well *immediately*. You may find marvelously speedy effects from its use, but chronic, or lingering, diseases, which have had possession of the system for years, can't be cured in a day. Such maladies are generally slow in their inception, slow in their progress, and must be cured, if at all, by slow degrees and regular stages.

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How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a *guaranteed* remedy in the nearest drug store.

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CANVASSING AS A BUSINESS.

One Hundred Thousand at It in This Country, Though It Pays Poorly.

"You often see advertisements for agents to sell one article or another promising $100 a week to a lively man, but there is no such money in the business," said an old hand to a reporter the other day. "A clever man can clear twenty-five dollars a week as a traveling salesman or canvasser if he has a really first rate thing to dispose of, but that is about the limit.

"Of course I am not speaking of the regularly employed commission agents who drum for large houses and often get big salaries, but of the army of people, probably 100,000 strong, who spread themselves from the big cities all over the United States in pursuit of orders for everything under the sun that is marketable, from a subscription book to a patent instantaneous mustard plaster. Of that number 50,000 are book agents. It is that line which is chiefly affected by women, who do not hesitate to employ all the persuasions of their sex in the pursuit of their industry. Opposed to them the male book agent is at a disadvantage, having neither smiles nor tears that would be effective wherewith to extort a subscription from the unwilling customer. Besides, a woman is not likely to be kicked out or have a dog set upon her.

"Undoubtedly the modest sex is that in petticoats, but when it comes to selling books a woman can usually discount a man every time. Why, I know two in this very town who do not hesitate to go to receptions at private houses unasked and tackle any one with whom they may get into conversation, drawing from beneath their cloaks whatever volume they may be engaged in trying to circulate. One advantage only that I know of is possessed by the male book agent which his female rival does not possess, and that is his opportunity of exercising his fascination upon the servant women wherever he goes, who are very much addicted to buying books in that way.

"In the trade there is a distinction made between the salesman and the canvasser, the former selling at wholesale usually and the latter at retail. A traveling agent sells either on the installment plan or for cash, or both ways. On cash sales he gets 40 per cent. of the proceeds as his commission; if he sells on the installment plan, by which the purchaser pays so much on what he buys, he receives 20 per cent. when the order for the article is delivered by him to the firm which employs him. Goods are sent him C. O. D. for cash purchasers; the agent returns the full amount he receives, and out of that is given his commission. Agents are not allowed to sell goods for less than the prices indicated on the lists of the firm, though they are permitted by some concerns to sell for more if they can.

"Next to the book agents canvassers for patented articles are most numerous, and this sort of canvassing has increased very largely within recent years. Tea, coffee, silverware and pictures are extensively sold in the same manner. Female canvassers confine themselves almost wholly to light literature, such as novels or books of poems, photograph albums, corsets, silverware and dressmaking charts.

"Yes, we lose a great deal of money by the dishonesty of people who buy on the installment plan and do not pay. I suppose that we have to put down 7 or 8 per cent. of our sales on that basis as dead loss, but we are reconciled to it by the fact that we charge more for the goods when cash is not paid—enough additional, in fact, to recoup us. We can afford, therefore, to take chances. Installment buyers are notoriously slow and delinquent in their payments, but mild threats, judiciously formulated, usually fetch the money where nothing else will serve."—Washington Star.

Aiming with a Revolver.

Captain J. Forman, Thirteenth infantry, says: "It is a peculiar fact that very few men, even accomplished shots, know how a revolver ought to be handled. Nearly all are taught to aim a revolver as if it were a rifle—that is, by bringing the object aimed at and the fore and hind sights into line. This is all well enough for shooting gallery practice, but should never be followed in the field. In training troops to use the revolver they are taught, in aiming, never to look at the weapon at all, but to keep their eyes on the object to be struck. In quick firing, and especially in shooting from horseback, much better results are obtainable in this way.

"A man throwing a stone does not look at his hand; neither does a billiard player sight along his cue. The same rules apply to the use of short weapons. I have seen men trained to shoot excellently at a mark when they could not see their pistol sights at all. Pieces of pasteboard were fastened just in front of the cylinders, which effectually prevented the men from using their foresights, and greatly increased the rapidity, as well as the accuracy, of their fire. Nearly any one can sight a pistol correctly, the inaccuracy of the aim being due to trembling of the hands before the trigger is pressed. By hiding the sight the temptation to hold too long is removed, and the first aim, generally the most accurate, is preserved."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Several Kinds of Beetles.

In the Argentine Republic a weevil known as the "diamond beetle" is in great request for breastpins and other ornaments. The palm weevil of the West Indies is regarded in that country as a great luxury, fried or boiled. It is eaten in the larva stage, in the shape of a big white worm, which is found in the tenderest part of the smaller palm trees. The historic poem of Brazil makes the astonishing assertion that these worms first become butterflies and subsequently mice. A similar dainty in Java is the larva of a beetle which, in the shape of a white maggot, lives in wood and so eats it away that the backs of chairs and portions of other furniture are often, though apparently sound, actually mere shells.—Washington Star.

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Dr. R. R. Boyle, Third and Oxford sts., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "For two years I have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla in numerous instances, and I find it highly efficacious in the treatment of all disorders of the blood."

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"For many years I was afflicted with scrofulous running sores, which, at last became so bad the doctors advised amputating one of my legs to save my life. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon saw an improvement. After using about two dozen bottles the sores were healed. I continue to take a few bottles of this medicine each year, for my blood, and am no longer troubled with sores. I have tried other reputed blood-purifiers, but none does so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—D. A. Robinson, Neal, Kansas.

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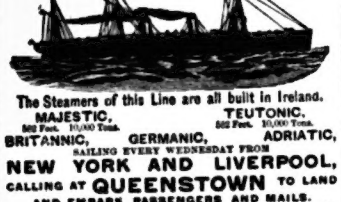

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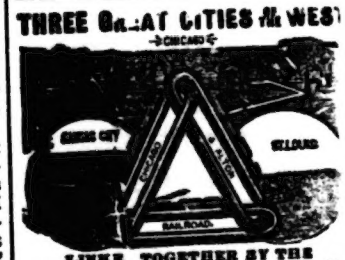

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St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P, 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Bogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 852 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Treacy, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Deullauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 140 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fols, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Benwood st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2261 Banover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4425 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Eye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashendon, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 69 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 226 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Harnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 350 S Boyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Pavel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 256 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 226 Cleveland av; Joseph F Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P E Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 80 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtosh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmar, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 238 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 394 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Pariah School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 5644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; B P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brunciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R, E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Beahant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 196 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec., 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Darby, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 569 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Fretl, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; F. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 255 N Market st.; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Abern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McMahon, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Eigeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P., P. J. Kane; Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Masner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Heuely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., st. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell. Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m. at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. sec., Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V.-P. M. J. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., James Dolan, Box 387 Pullman; Fin. Sec., Peter Tully; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 258 N Clark st; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; Fin. Sec., Michael Moore; Treas., James C. King. Meets last Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

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Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-seco d st; V.-P., Patrick Foley; Rec. Sec., Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st.; Fin Sec., Patrick Crimmins; Treas., James Kelly Meet first and third Saturday of each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
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ESTATE OF MARTIN LANAHAN, DEceased — All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Lanahan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, being the 15th day thereof. HONORIA LANAHAN, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, April 14, 1891.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH, Attorney at Law, 609 Opera House Building, Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 981.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. March Term, A. D 1891. Mary Haynes vs. Charles Haynes. In Chancery. No. 90,128.

Notice is hereby given to the said Charles Haynes that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. Superior Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891. Frank Lee vs. Ella Lee. In Chancery. No. 133,502.

Notice is hereby given to the said Ella Lee that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of May, A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

PATRICK McGRATH, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor,

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